Saturday Review
World

November 20, 1973
75¢

THE AMERICAN GOURMET
Does the Species Exist?—Special Section

A TV Debut for F. Scott Fitzgerald

Richard Chamberlain as Fitzgerald in "The Last of the Belles" (see page 32)

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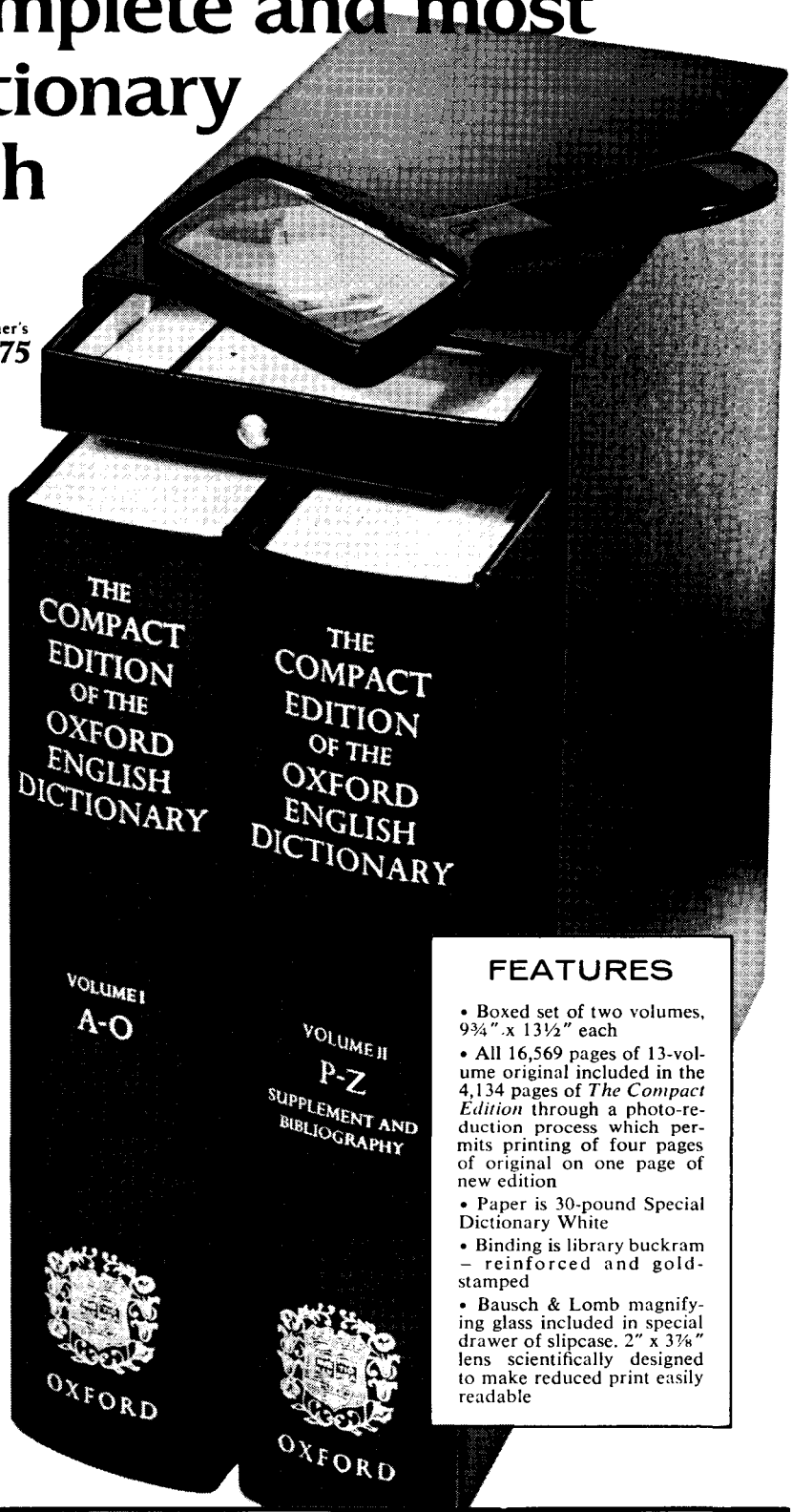

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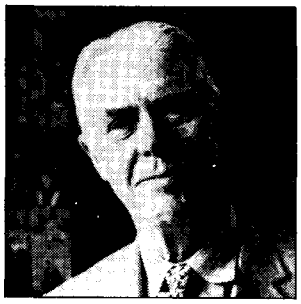
Page 18

Page 52

Page 36

November 20, 1973

FEATURES

4 Editorial *by N.C.*

5 Letters From Readers

6 World Progress Report

8 Top of My Head
by Goodman Ace

10 Report From Guernica
by Roger M. Williams

13 Manner of Speaking
by John Ciardi

22 Diversions *by Leo Rosten*

ARTICLES

14 Poisoning the Seas
by Richard Bernstein
Second in a series of articles on problems concerning the use of the seas.

BOOKS

18 Temporary Kings
by Anthony Powell
Reviewed by Roger Starr

24 Mortal Wounds
by Anthony West
Reviewed by Vivian Mercier

25 Books in Brief
by Dorothy Rabinowitz

26 Trade Winds *by William Cole*

27 Guidelines for a Kitchen Cabinet *by Miriam Ungerer*

SR/W SPECIAL SECTION: THE AMERICAN GOURMET

28 Is There Really an American Cuisine? *Articles by Phyllis Hanes, Lena Sturges, Leclare Ratterree, Ruth Ellen Church, Ann Criswell, Philip S. Brown*

36 The Food Fraternity
by Horace Sutton

40 Little-Known Libations From Practically Everywhere
by Dena Kaye

TRAVEL

45 At the Source Bordelaise
by Horace Sutton

THEATER

48 The Playwright as Voyager
by Henry Hewes

DANCE

51 Dance on Mainstreet
by Walter Terry

TELEVISION

52 Scott, Zelda, and the Last of the Southern Belles *by Hollis Alpert*

MUSIC

56 "War and Peace" in Sydney (and Adelaide)
by Irving Kolodin

SCIENCE SUPPLEMENT

59 Did Someone "Out There" Put Us Here?
by Albert Rosenfeld

60 The Trouble With Skylab
by Richard S. Lewis

64 How Soon the Sun: A Timetable for Solar Energy
by John F. Henahan

GAMESMANSHIP

20 Wit Twister No. 9
by Arthur Swan

67 Double-Crostic No. 37
by Thomas H. Middleton

Cover photograph by Chuck Rogers

Cartoons: W. Von Riegen, Ed Fisher, Sidney Harris, Al Ross, Herbert Goldberg, Malcolm Hancock, Ed Arno

SATURDAY REVIEW/WORLD published biweekly by SATURDAY REVIEW/WORLD, Inc., 488 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Norman Cousins, President; S. Spencer Grin, Executive Vice-President; Nathan Cohn, Senior Vice-President and Treasurer; Richard L. Tobin, Senior Vice-President; Roland Gelatt, Editorial Vice-President; Joseph S. Iseman, Corporate Vice-President and Secretary; Lyn White, Vice-President, Corporate Relations; William J. McVey, Jr., Director of Advertising; Robert A. Burghardt, Vice-President of Advertising Services; Account Managers—Peter J. Brandon, Charles Harris, Fraser S. Howe, Walter G. Koontz, Larry Leins, Joseph Luyber, William H. Pearson, Richard Walsh; Advertising Production Manager, Robert Ziegler; Automotive Marketing Manager, Bruce E. Miller, 365 Notre Dame, Grosse Pointe, Mich. 48230; Advertising Representatives—Western Region, R. J. Friedman Associates, Inc., 3242 West Eighth Street, Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; Midwestern Region, Joseph Wall & Associates, 400 Ascot Drive, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068; Southeastern Region, James A. Kridel, Inc., 7600 Red Road (Suite 215-A), Miami, Fla. 33143; Classified Advertising Manager, Charlotte Henkel; Promotion Director, Dennis Barry; Fulfillment Manager, Gregory Rodgers; Accounting Dept., Dave Freed, John Walsh; Advertising Dept., Joan Grant, Dorothy Murray; Circulation Dept., Penny Peck, Jean Winters; Administrative Ass't. to the President, Emily Suesskind; Administrative Assistants, Marion McAvoy, Dorothy Re, Evelyn Smith, Mary Swift. Subscription price in U.S. and its possessions, APO, FPO, & Canada: one year—$12; two years—$20; three years—$25 (all other countries—additional postage $2 per year). Vol. 1, No. 6, November 20, 1973. Back issues are $1 per copy. Entered as second-class mail in New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices.
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Is Peace in the Middle East Possible?

Men and nations tend to become the prisoners of their slogans. The tragic outbreak of war in the Middle East may have been less the result of grim inevitability than of the fact that some Arab leaders were carried along by their own propaganda beyond the point of no return.

Arnold Toynbee, in his *A Study of History*, says that some of history's greatest disasters have been caused by leaders who thought the best way to build their personal political fortunes was by inflaming and exploiting the passions of their peoples, with military adventures as the surest way of accomplishing this purpose. What most of these approaches have in common, Toynbee wrote, is a tendency to make serious military miscalculations.

"When an individual or a government that has command of military power mistakes the limits of the field within which these powers can be used, or miscalculates the nature of the objectives," says Toynbee, "the disastrousness of the aberration can hardly fail to make itself conspicuous."

IT IS DIFFICULT to know what is worse—a government that ignores the highest aspirations of its people or a government that caters to their basest desires. For nothing is more characteristic of the demagogue than the habit of turning to reckless military undertakings as a convenient way of maintaining political power. In the end, Plato said, the fundamental problem of governance is that some political leaders "are always stirring up some war or other in order to retain their leadership position."

The difference, then, between a statesman and a demagogue is that a statesman resists easy but irresponsible answers to complicated problems. The statesman is willing to incur serious personal political losses, if necessary, in order to avoid reckless foreign actions. An example of such statesmanship at work was Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru of India in 1951. He was under pressure from some of his advisers to undertake large-scale military action against Pakistan. There was widespread feeling among the people of India that the creation of Pakistan, in 1947, as the price for Indian independence had been a ghastly error, one that should be undone while Pakistan was still weak. I was in New Delhi at the time, tape-recording conversations with the prime minister that later appeared in the book *Talks with Nehru*. Part of that conversation never appeared in the book—at the prime minister's request. We were talking about the pressures on leadership. Mr. Nehru sat back in his portico chair, fingered the inevitable small rose in his lapel, and said that few things in his political experience were more difficult than saying no to popular but hazardous undertakings.

"Right now," he said, "there is a great deal of social and political unrest in the country. Millions of people who became refugees at the time of partition are still homeless. Unemployment is widespread. There is evidence that many of our states, with their different languages and cultures, are straining to break away from India as Pakistan has done. Some of the people in my government are urging a course of action on me that they say is the only thing that can unite our people and get us out of our internal difficulties. They are urging me to move against Pakistan. It would not be necessary to fabricate reasons for such an action. People still feel passionately about the horrors and dislocations of partition. My advisers insist that the people would find a higher resolve and all pull together. The amazing thing is that my advisers are serious. They promise a certain kind of early victory. When I ask them what happens if we get into a prolonged and bloody conflict, they have no answer because they are unable to consider such a contingency. Naturally, I have told them I will agree to no such absurdity."

Later, when I sent the prime minister a transcript of the recording, he deleted the reference to the proposal to attack Pakistan. His note in the margin said that there was no point in antagonizing the Pakistanis or making them apprehensive.

MR. NEHRU, of course, was in a historical minority. Most leaders have followed the Machiavellian pattern of advancing their personal ambitions by giving their peoples something to fear and hate. In the Middle East today, the big need is to liberate people from past fears and hates and to fix their sights on common opportunities for building and developing the entire region.

There is general agreement that peace in the Middle East involves these essentials: (1) full and unequivocal recognition by the Arab nations of the right of Israel to existence as a free, sovereign nation, participating in, and making its full contribution to, the affairs of the region; (2) a detailed and far-reaching program of justice for, and resettlement of, Arab refugees; (3) negotiations in

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Letters From Readers

Unmistakably French

Anthony Astrachan may understand the Québecois, but he does not understand the Louisianians ("The Cultural Revolution on Our Doorstep," September 25). He cites, without critical appraisal, Montreal sociologist Guy Rocher, who, he says, fears "Quebec will become uncritically Americanized, a French-speaking parody of the United States, a northern Louisiana."

Louisiana, its history and culture, cannot be judged by the yardstick of Canada. . . . A better yardstick is a comparison with the other old non-Anglo-Saxon population groups who settled this continent before the formation of the United States: the Pennsylvania Germans, the New York Dutch, the Colorado and New Mexico Spanish. Despite government indifference or hostility, the outlawing of French in schools, and close to three centuries of isolation from France, the Acadians of Louisiana have managed to preserve a spoken language, a musical culture, a lifestyle, and a powerful sense of group solidarity which, without extremism or separatism, expressed itself in the recent election of the first Acadian French-speaking governor in a hundred years. . . .

Unlike Rocher and Astrachan, many French Canadians feel great sympathy with the French Louisianians. . . . Far from being "uncritically Americanized," no pre-1776 settlers in the United States have maintained their cultural identity with greater vigor than the French Louisianians. . . .

Richard E. Wood, Ph.D.
Louisiana State University
Baton Rouge, Louisiana

Strictly Defined

The review of *The Bedside Book of Bastards* fell short of what might be expected not only by failing to point out the vicious vulgarity of the title but by adopting the term "bastards" as an appropriate synonym for cannibals, sadists, rapists, et al. ("Ugly Customers," September 11). A bastard, properly speaking, is merely a person born out of wedlock. . . .

Even in our more liberal age, illegitimate birth is a burden that should not be increased by the acceptance and popularization of the sort of association that the authors of this compendium so disgracefully utilize. . . .

Kenneth Wiggins Porter
University of Oregon
Eugene, Oregon

Modern Division

Compliments to Ambassador Daniel P. Moynihan ("A Country in Need of Praise," September 11), but isn't there a law that penalizes the use of the word *autoimmunizing* without a respectable hyphen? *The Random House Dictionary* frowns on dropping the hyphen in the case of *auto-infection* and *auto-inoculation*. Why should not the law be equally applicable to *auto-immunizing* as well? What is the law, anyway?

M. V. Kamath
The Times of India
Washington, D.C.

Editor's Note: Mr. Kamath's animadversions on hyphens are completely shared by the editor, who has been in a state of unremitting war with his copy editor over the tendency to unify compound words.

Psychosurgical Research

Dr. Richard Restak's article presents a fair overview of the real and potential abuses of psychosurgery by a small group of behaviorists ("The Promise and Peril of Psychosurgery," September 25). But the article fails to give even passing recognition to Dr. Peter Breggin, the brilliant young Washington, D.C., psychiatrist whose meticulous research and outspoken leadership has brought to light the totalitarian implications of psychosurgery.

Breggin's research has shown that psychosurgery, far from having arrested anti-social behavior in several of the showcase patients paraded forth in the literature by the proponents of psychosurgery, actually had the effect of exacerbating violent behavior. Moreover, in many cases, loss of memory, loss of motivation, and other serious side effects resulted from these surgical procedures.

And again, its was Breggin who disclosed that the results of these cases were repeatedly misrepresented in applications for federal grants for further experimentation. And Breggin's research also turned up the chilling revelation that it was Elliot Richardson, the former attorney general, who very actively promoted the initial federal grants for psychosurgical experimentation. For the man who until recently ran the federal police arm to have implicitly sanctioned the use of psychosurgical procedures to control anti-social behavior should certainly be of interest to those concerned with the onrushing Orwellian state. . . .

Robert D. Kephart
Publisher
Human Events
Washington, D.C.

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good faith by all parties leading to the fixing of permanent boundary lines; (4) unencumbered access to holy places and shrines by worshipers of all faiths; (5) international guarantees of stability and security.

ONE ADDITIONAL POINT should be emphasized if peace in the Middle East is to endure. This point generally is overlooked in most comprehensive peace plans for the area. It is that there must be an end to incitement and hostile propaganda. Talk by Arab leaders about throwing Israel into the sea makes resumption of conflict likely and perhaps inevitable. It creates an unrealistic and dangerous mood of revanchism among the Arabs and a mood of military nervousness among the Israelis, the combined effect of which is that both sides remain in a state of almost constant physical and psychological mobilization.

In this sense, peace in the Middle East requires new education. If the United Nations wants any new security arrangements to last, it should undertake imaginative and creative measures for bringing together responsible Arabs and Israelis who can consider the need for textbooks and other school materials that are free of hate and cultural distortions, for public-information programs that are free of vilifications and fulmination, and for common projects that look toward cooperative development of the area.

In short, what is needed is agreement not just on the stated essentials of a durable peace but on the reconditioning of human minds away from dependence on the easy answers that lead to war.

N.C.

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World Progress Report

Total Recycling

While consumers all over the world are eating ever-increasing amounts of beef—per capita annual consumption in the United States is up to 120 pounds, and the rest of the world is trying to catch up—cattlemen are concerned about what the beef will eat. Demand is already straining world supplies of cattle feed, driving up the cost of beef. One ingenious solution now being tested in Colorado promises not only to ease the world protein shortage, lowering the price of meat in the process, but also to eliminate the pollution created by cattle feed lots.

The secret is simply to serve the cattle the same food over and over again, taking advantage of the fact that cattle are very inefficient consumers. Much of the protein in their feed is not digested the first time through and is excreted as waste. This unconsumed protein can be purified and recycled again and again until it is thoroughly digested into building blocks for beefsteak. An estimated 600 million tons of protein-rich manure is produced each year in U.S. feed lots, where it can be efficiently recovered. The U.S. Department of Agriculture estimates that the protein content of this waste equals the protein in the nation's total annual harvest of soybeans, the leading source of protein for animal feed.

A relatively simple process for sterilizing and processing manure into palatable cattle feed, developed after fifteen years of research by a dozen companies and universities, promises to yield a 30-percent-protein feed for under seventy dollars a ton. Soybean-oil meal, with a 44-percent-protein content, has been selling recently for $206 a ton. If soybeans can be partially replaced as cattle feed, they can be exported from the United States, which currently produces 75 percent of the world's crop, to countries where they are a staple of the human diet.

Recycling cattle wastes as feed will also eliminate a major waste-disposal problem. Cheap synthetic fertilizers have all but totally replaced manure as a fertilizer, creating a 600-million-ton mountain of surplus in the nation's feed lots. In many areas the accumulated manure seeps into water supplies, creating a noisome health hazard. Reprocessed into feed, however, the waste has no disagreeable odor and harbors no dangerous bacteria.

Protein Power

The vital business of improving nutrition in the poorer parts of the world has been frustrated many times in the past by the difficulties in making better foods available and then inducing people to eat them. In recent years the emphasis has shifted to improving the crop yields and the nutritional value of traditionally accepted foods—especially corn, wheat, and rice. "Miracle" strains of wheat and rice—fast-growing, high-yield hybrids developed with support from the Rockefeller and Ford foundations—are already established as the principal weapons in the Green Revolution. A high-protein corn, originally discovered at Purdue University, is currently being developed for agricultural use. Now Purdue scientists have added high-protein sorghum to the world's menu of improved cereals.

After wheat, rice, and corn, sorghum is the most important cereal crop in the world. Although little-used as a food in the United States, sorghum, because of its ability to grow in poor soils and dry climates, is the staff of life in many poor areas. In many of these, even where the quantity of food is adequate, protein starvation is the leading cause of childhood mortality and retardation, as well as other health problems.

The problem with sorghum, as with unimproved corn, has been a deficiency of lysine, an amino acid that is one of the essential constituents of protein. The researchers at Purdue, supported by the Agency for International Development and aided by scientists from other institutions, analyzed some nine thousand varieties of sorghum to identify two Ethiopian strains that are high in lysine and protein. The high-lysine trait proved to be carried by a single gene, relatively easy to breed into sorghum strains accepted in other parts of the world.

In tests on rats one of the Ethiopian sorghums produced two to three times the weight gain of ordinary sorghum. AID estimates that it will take from three to five years to move from such limited laboratory tests to the point where new sorghum hybrids are ready for widespread agricultural use. The high-lysine gene must be bred into commercially useful strains and the seed marketed and distributed before the new protein source can have an effect on human nutrition. Says Dr. John A. Hannah, administrator of AID, "When we recall that sorghum is the principal sustenance cereal for more than three hundred million people—indeed, the poorest people in the world's poorest countries—improving its protein quality will amount to a gift of life, especially for the children."

ANTHONY WOLFF

"If you put the turkey in at the start of the first game, baste every quarter, and put everything else on at the half of the second game, it'll all be ready at the end of the postgame interviews."

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Are these people beef barons?

Jim and Eileen Stevenson raise beef—but they don't fit the movie image at all.

They don't run a million-acre spread or handle 50,000 head of cattle.

Instead, their herd numbers about 175. They have a mortgage. And they augment their beef business by growing crops. With their six sons, the Stevensons are a family enterprise.

They're also typical of most of the people who raise beef today—movies and TV to the contrary.

In fact, 83 percent of the beef cattle raised in the U.S. are from herds of less than 500.

The beef that ends up on your table comes from almost 2 million livestock farms and ranches, large and small, scattered through all 50 states. The state that produces the most beef—Texas—also has the greatest number of livestock farms —162,000.

In the market place—on the basis of supply and demand—the prices cattlemen receive go down as well as up. For example, live cattle prices dropped 30 percent from mid-August until late September this year.

What kind of people raise beef? They're independent businessmen who take risks every day. They compete. They make their own decisions. They work hard to keep up with new methods. Sometimes they prosper–and sometimes they don't.

Beef barons? Hardly.

National Beef Industry Council

Alabama Cattlemen's Assn./Arizona Beef Council/California Beef Council/Colorado Beef Board/Florida Beef Council/Idaho Beef Council/Illinois Beef Industry Council/ Indiana Beef Industry/Iowa Beef Industry Council/Louisiana Cattlemen's Assn./Mississippi Cattle Industry Board/Missouri Beef Promotion Found./Montana Beef Council/Nebraska Beef Industry Found./Nevada Beef Promotion Fund/New Mexico Cattle Growers Assn./North Dakota Beef Commission/Ohio Beef Marketing Program/Oregon Beef Council/South Dakota Beef Council/ Texas and Southwestern Cattle Raisers Assn./Texas Cattle Feeders Assn./Utah Beef Council/Washington Beef Commission/Wyoming Beef Council

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Top of My Head

by Goodman Ace

Who Was Minding the Store?

Remember when the seven senators kept jumping up during the hearings, announcing they had to go answer a vote roll call? Well, if you believe they really left the room to vote on a bill, you are suffering from political naïveté. Also, you don't know too much about television stars.

Everyone in show biz realized the senators were actually hurrying out from under the hot lights of the Senate TV studio to the make-up man. To powder puff away perspiration, to slicken a hairdo, to change a wrinkled shirt, to mask an early five-o'clock shadow. To say nothing of time out for a roll call of nature.

It is stretching credulity too far, even for a daytime show, to imagine that the senators could have run to vote on a bill when all the time it was being debated they had been busily engaged looking for page 845, line 11, in the memos. They hadn't heard the arguments for and against. What do they do? Walk in and say what's this bill about, and how do I stand on it? Do you buy that?

However, lest you begin to think that *all* senators are glamorous TV personalities, you will be relieved to learn there is a group, or a sort of weird cult, one might say, of honestly dedicated senators who are actually engaged in minding the state of the Union. They are unseen by the public, unasked for autographs, sitting in rooms of the Capitol's subterranean basement. Thus, they are known as "Senate subcommittees."

Two such subcommittees have been quietly studying two different bills of vital import to the nation. One is a bill before the constitutional-amendments subcommittee to allow voluntary prayer in schools.

It's the story of the schoolteacher who came into her fifth-grade class one morning and found a dozen boys on their knees in a circle on the floor. She was aghast.

"What are you boys doing?" she asked.

"We're shooting dice, teacher," said the ringleader.

"Oh, thank heaven," she replied. "I thought you were praying."

THE SUBCOMMITTEE continues its study of the bill and will, in its wisdom, prayerfully ask for guidance in the matter of amending the Constitution.

The other subcommittee has before it a bill limiting chauffeur-driven limousines, in wide use by senators, congressmen, heads of agencies, and other federal departments, for which the taxpayers pick up the tabs.

It all began when the President told us on TV that he was disappointed by the paucity of achievement in Congress. Now is the time, the President said, to get to the business of the nation. The Congress should shape up and be driven by higher motivation to do the jobs it was elected to do. This was widely misinterpreted to mean they should be driven by chauffeurs in limousines to their offices.

Senator Proxmire, chairman of a Senate appropriations subcommittee, disapproves of this vast fleet (789 limos) of luxury transportation. The senator, a known health faddist, jogs five miles to his office every morning. In the interest of the impending fuel shortage, we find this a worthy act. But either jogging or chauffeur-driven, the Senate subcommittees deserve better acclaim.

While seven other legislators were entertaining TV viewers, grabbing front-page headlines by politely snarling at each other, by culling old jokes from the Old and New Testament, and by gaveling for order when the studio audience laughed hilariously, the good work of the subcommittees remained unheralded. Good news of the good bills they had voted was, as the President put it when he spoke of the achievements of his administration, buried way back in the newspapers. "Next to the corset ads," he said.

Apparently Pat hadn't told him about body suits and panty hose. □

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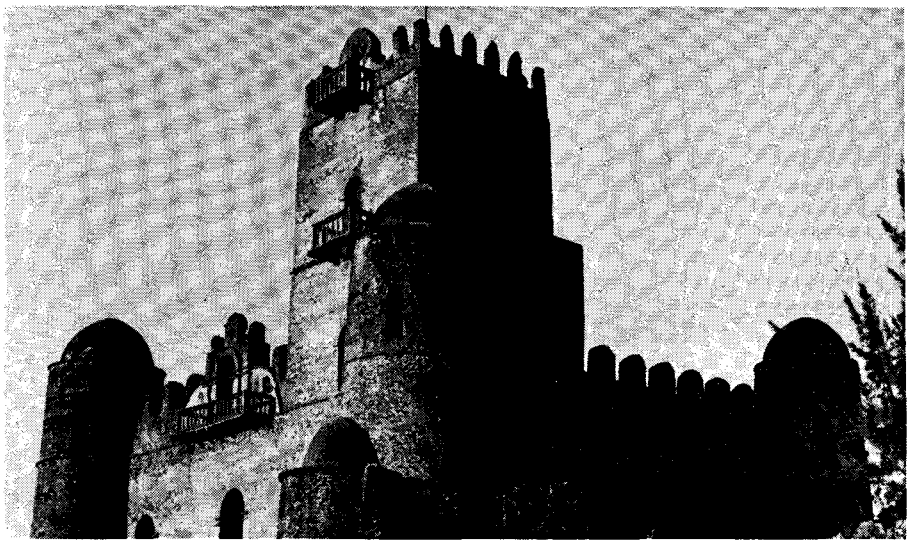

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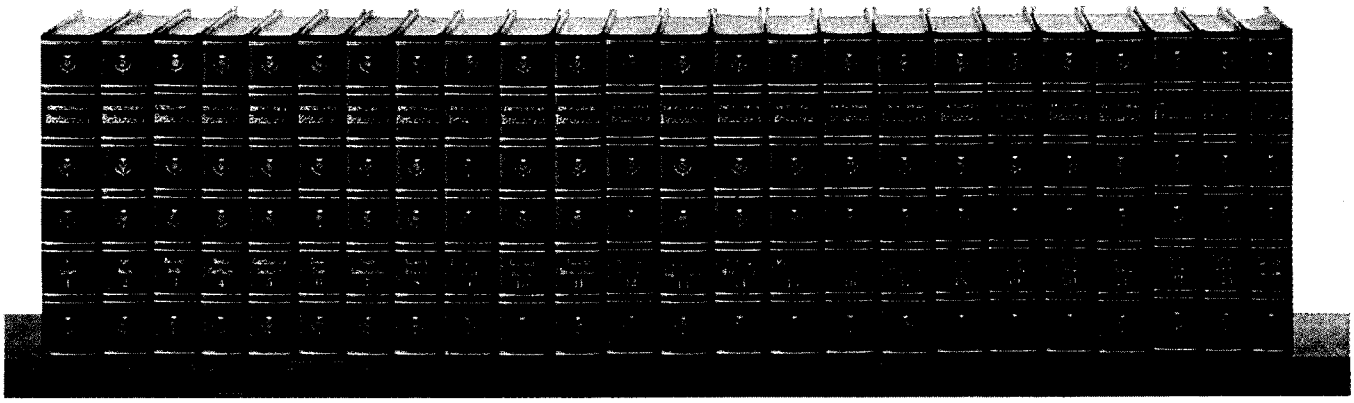

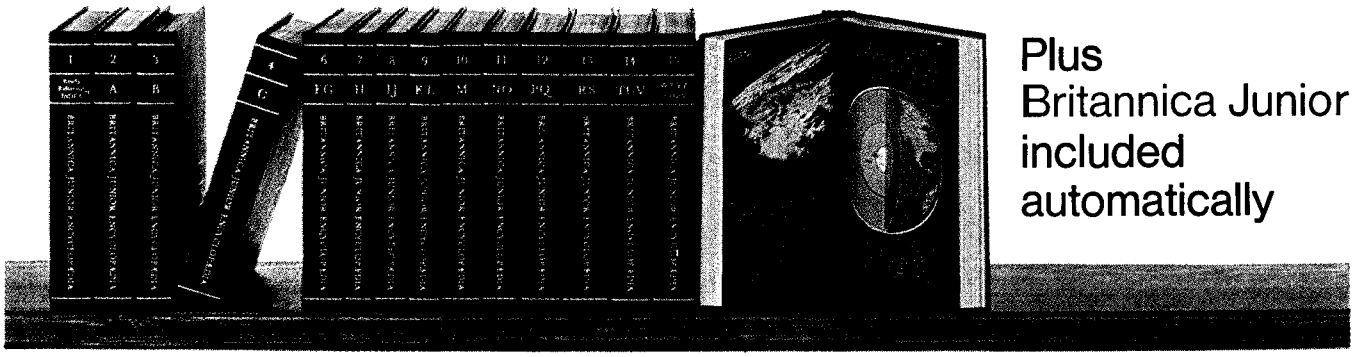

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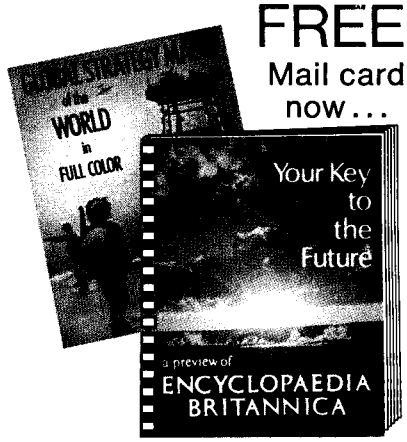

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Was Picasso Duped?

Guernica, Spain

This pleasant market town seems ill equipped to be a center of international controversy. But little Guernica is rather used to importance. It is the site of the gnarled oak, said to be 1000 years old, that is revered as the fountainhead of Basque liberties. It is also, as everyone knows, the subject of one of Picasso's most famous paintings, a vivid portrayal of the destruction of the town during the Spanish civil war.

The painting, as well as the destruction it depicts, is caught up in a fresh swirl of controversy that mixes art, historiography, and a large dose of politics. At issue is what happened to Guernica on April 26, 1937. Was it destroyed by German bombers or by retreating Republican soldiers or by a combination of both? If by the Germans, why—and did Franco's army approve the destruction in advance? If by Republicans, how did they manage to fashion the act into a great propaganda campaign employing Picasso's painting as one of its most powerful weapons?

For three decades now, Guernica has been an international liberal symbol and a test of where one stands on political and moral issues of the middle twentieth century. A generation has grown up accepting a standard view of the event: The Germans destroyed Guernica as a pioneering experiment in terror bombing a defenseless civilian population, learning lessons they would later apply in Rotterdam and elsewhere; many hundreds of people were killed; the act was without military justification. Many people who know very little about the Spanish war know this much about Guernica, thanks largely to Picasso and to pro-Republican writers and historians. Both the fiction and the history of the war have been overwhelmingly in the hands of opponents of the Franco regime, some of whom fought in the Republican armies. A list of them reads like an honor roll of modern literary masters, headed by four of this century's finest writers: Orwell, Malraux, Koestler, Hemingway. Not all have written specifically about Guernica, but many accomplished historians have done so and have invariably blamed the Germans. In *The Spanish Civil War,* the most generally respected history of the conflict, Hugh Thomas describes waves of German bombers beginning at 4:40 P.M. and:

> . . . arriving every twenty minutes until a quarter to eight. The centre of the town was then destroyed and burning. One thousand six hundred fifty-four people were killed and 889 wounded. . . .
>
> Guernica might have been regarded as a military target, since it was a communications centre not far from the battle line, but it is difficult not to conclude that the Germans deliberately bombed the town in an attempt to destroy it, observe in a clinical way the effects of such a devastating attack, and thus carry out the instruction of [Nationalist General] Mola of March 31. (Whether or not Mola knew what was afoot remains a matter of doubt.)

While the Republican version of Guernica's destruction was being accepted without question in most of the Anglo-Saxon world, another version was rumbling in crypto-Fascist circles and prevailing quietly in Spain itself. It held that Guernica was the victim of its own defenders—Republican militiamen who, when the town had to be abandoned, dynamited and burned it in order to arouse the passions of the Basques and to give the anti-Franco forces an international propaganda issue. From the war's end to the mid-Sixties, a few journalists and historians, mostly British, put forth that line. On occasion, so did the Franco regime. *El caudillo,* General Franco, has seldom spoken of Guernica; when he has, he has tersely blamed "separatists" and *rojos,* or Reds.

FOR THE 70 PERCENT of the Spanish population born since the civil war, therefore, the destruction of Guernica has been a curious non-event. The regime's attitude has been: Let's not talk about it, but if something must be said, we'll tell you what really happened. Picasso was in self-imposed exile, and his painting was banned, so that version of the story hardly penetrated Franco Spain. Guernica became a *cause célèbre* outside its own country and, save with Basque nationalists, a *cause ignorée* within.

There was, says a former editor in Madrid, "a vague feeling among people that it was done by German bombs." It was, perhaps, as much to counteract that trend as to defend the regime against outside opinion that an old confidant of Franco finally gave a public airing of the Nationalist version. The standard-bearer was Luis Bolin, a retired diplomat whose ties with *el caudillo* went back to 1936. In *Spain: The Vital Years,* published in the mid-Sixties, Bolin denounced the destruction of Guernica by bombs as "a myth." He argued that although the town was a legitimate military objective, with

(Continued on page 68.)

Wrong number?

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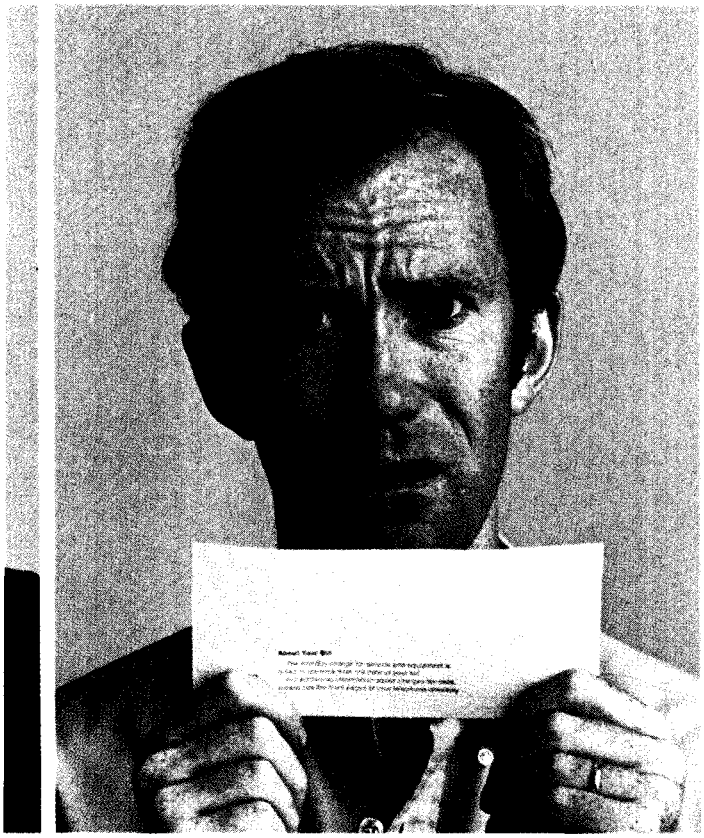

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Manner of Speaking

by John Ciardi

Progress Be Damned: A Cantanker

What we call progress often turns out to be no more than motion, and the motion retrograde.

When our boys were small enough to want toys (as distinct from autos, hi-fi equipment, girls, and other elaborate gear), I spent years of blood and hope on expensive battery-driven toys that went out of commission the first time they were slammed. Of all my ventures into Toyland, my only success was an elaborate set of modular-unit, hardwood building blocks with which the boys built thousands of castles that rose above their heads. When at last they left the set to gather dust, I packed it in a stout cardboard box and stored it in the cold cellar. The box is still there. If time produces grandchildren to add to present disaster, I shall haul those blocks upstairs again, as good as new. All the other toys—a fat poke's worth—have gone from disappointment to junk, but that set is good for generations yet.

And to each new generation it will be everything it was to the first. A child is not a mechanism of technical "progress" but a bundle of primitive emotions in need of primitive satisfactions. Being a child, of course, he is a sucker for the toymakers' TV come-ons. But having hooked him with glitter, those con men know they have nothing to sell him but disappointment. Damn toymakers—most of them anyhow.

Damn all technology that serves only to give a plastic gloss to imitation-everything. Let Danny what's-his-name come on TV to tell me his freeze-dried sawdust tastes better than "fresh-brewed"—either the man is a liar for pay or he lacks taste buds. There may be lost souls who really think instant coffee is fit to drink. If so, they have been taste-washed as well as brainwashed. I stopped flying Delta Airlines years ago because they not only insisted on serving instant coffee but then also insisted on telling me I couldn't taste the difference. Damn Danny what's-his-name. Damn Delta Airlines.

Even milk is no longer milk. Where are the old glass (non-polluting) bottles with the bulb tops full of the real cream that used to rise to the top of real cow's milk? The only good accomplished by the milk technologists was in giving Robert Frost occasion to remark: "We have homogenized society—that keeps the cream from coming to the top." Damn homogenization.

Where, for that matter, is cream to be found these days? Does no one remember what cream used to taste like off the top of the milk pail (especially if the cow was a Jersey), or whipped up with a dash of vanilla extract or liqueur or bourbon? Have cows stopped producing in deference to pressure cans of Kool-Glop—or whatever that tasteless ersatz topping is called? Damn Kool-Glop.

We are sheep, alas, and we deserve what we have let ourselves be led to. We have let the technologists talk us into depravity, and we have then let ourselves accept depravity as a norm. Damn technological norms.

THEY HAVEN'T even left us a decent instrument to write with. For years I have spoiled paper and my own disposition trying to write with ball-point pens. I found that, as such things go, some are better than others, but that none is a fit instrument for anything but jotting. Damn ball points.

For some technological reason I do not understand, red and green ink seems to flow from ball points more readily than black. Am I to be driven to decorators' colors? Theodore Roethke, I recall, used to write his letters in green ink. Let that rest as his own soul's choice. I like my ink to go onto the page black—to flow onto it at the lightest touch, preferably with a pen that will spread just a bit for making slightly heavier downstrokes. Why fill a page unless it testifies to the writer's respect for what he is setting down? Damn smudge-scratch.

I myself wasn't aware how many times I had cussed ball-point pens for skipping and smudging or for compelling me to gouge the words onto the page. I have a callus on the side of my middle finger from gripping the miserable things. It was my wife who took note of my annoyance and who gave me a fountain pen for my birthday. As it happened, the one she chose turned out to be fine-point, scratchy, and stingy with ink. Nevertheless, it served to remind me.

I dug through odd corners and came up with several old, clogged fountain pens, the ink dried in them. I had to soak them in warm water overnight before they would unclog. But they did unclog, and I want this world's technology hucksters to know that my ancient Parker is a pleasure to my hand and to the page. I found myself writing for the pleasure of writing. I discovered after covering page after page that I could actually read what I had written. The pages themselves looked kept and tended. Bless something—whatever is left to bless.

I began to wonder why I had ever put aside fountain pens for those worthless ball points. It was my wife who remembered. "You went flying," she said, "and ruined a tee shirt, a shirt, and your good light-gray suit when the altitude squeezed the ink out of your pen."

I did recall then how that pen had leaked at altitude. That isn't quite the same thing as having the ink squeezed out by the altitude, but why look for trouble in marriage? Wives exist to correct, not to be corrected. Bless wives.

I also recalled that it had been a charter flight, the plane unpressurized. Would the same thing happen in today's jets? Are they still pressurized to 8000 feet? If so, the difference in ink-barrel pressure between sea-level New Jersey and 8000 feet would probably be enough to suck the ink out. I could, I suppose, move to Denver. My original ink-barrel pressure would then start at about 6000 feet. A 2000-foot difference seems safe enough.

Or I could empty the fountain pen and buy ink when I arrive.

But have you tried to buy ink recently? There was a time when any corner store stocked it. No more. I tried six and finally had to go to the stationer. He seemed to recall having some in stock and did finally dig up a bottle. I almost thought he was going to demand a prescription for it—or at least an identity card. "We don't sell much of it these days," he said.

"It's the technology," I told him.

"Yes," he said. "I guess that's what it is."

Damn the technology. □

Answer to *Wit Twister* (see page 20): devein, veined, envied, endive.

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Poisoning the Seas

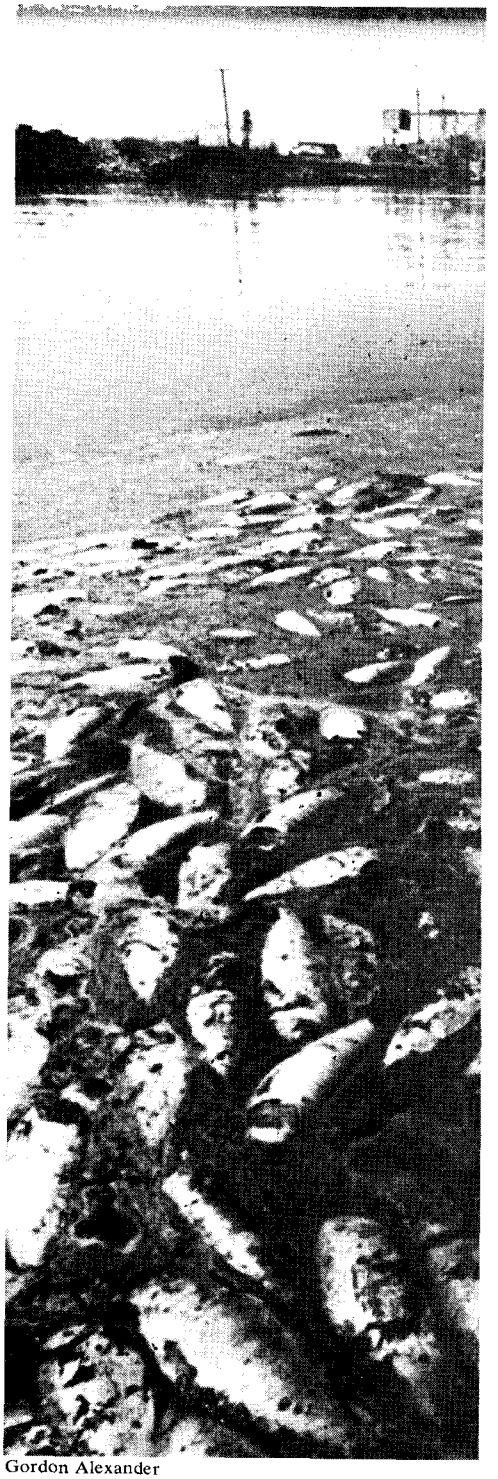
Chance oil spills and the "deep sixing" of sludge, sewage, and atomic waste may well convert our life-abundant seas into trackless graveyards of civilization.

By Richard Bernstein

Two years ago yacht basins on Oyster Creek, along the New Jersey coast, were unaccountably attacked by wood-destroying organisms. Pilings that supported the docks were weakening; yacht hulls were developing spots of rot. After several months it was apparent that the wharves might well eventually collapse into the creek. For generations nothing had ever happened to these facilities; so the discovery of the source of the trouble came as something of a surprise to the marinas' membership: Embedded in the hull of a boat, like Blake's invisible worm, were specimens of Teredinidae, otherwise known as shipworms or pileworms, a type of wood-boring clam. The area, it turned out, was infested with them.

Found often enough along the U.S. coast, the various species of the teredo are common harbor pests known to have demolished entire piers. But they do not survive in upstream fresh-water areas like Oyster Creek. How they got there illustrates how subtle a matter the pollution of the coastal waters is. The fault, explains Dr. Ruth Turner of the Harvard Museum of Comparative Zoology, lies with the Oyster Creek Nuclear Power Plant. Built just the year before at the headwaters of Oyster Creek and Forked River, the plant had produced environmental changes that transformed the creek: Where it had been forbidding, it was now congenial to the wood-boring pests. The changes came about in this way: Needing vast amounts of water for its cooling system, the plant reversed the flow of the Forked River, drawing in through the river channel salt water from the nearby sea. Later the used water was discharged, warm and still salty, into Oyster Creek at the rate of about 400,000 gallons each minute. In this way three environmental changes were brought about, all of which were favorable to the teredo. First, the creek became salty. Second, the addition of large amounts of water to the creek reduced the concentration of humus (i.e., decomposed plant and animal matter), which is an important inhibitor to the spread of one type of larva. Third, the warm wastes flowing into the creek raised the water temperature, thus enabling the marine borers to grow more rapidly and to breed more frequently, while at the same time protecting them from the winter kill-off that normally would have kept the population under control. "The whole life cycle was accelerated," says Dr. Turner. "Birth, growth, reproduction, and death were all speeded up by the warm water." Before the plant was built, only an occasional teredo was found near the mouth of the creek. Now, inadvertently, almost ideal circumstances for the proliferation of the pest had been brought about.

We can expect similar occurrences elsewhere. By 1986 the utility companies of New Jersey and Pennsylvania plan to install forty-two power plants along the Delaware River and its tributaries alone. At current rates of growth there will be in the year 2000 one nuclear power plant for every ten miles of coastline. And wherever these plants or other warm-water sources are built, variations on the Oyster Creek theme can be expected. Each nuclear reactor will affect only a few square miles of coastline; it will not create a global problem. Ecologically, some say, this is a small price to pay to satisfy our energy requirements. But considering that there is only so much coastline, we cannot afford to turn our oceans into a huge warm-water sink without at the same time having to pay a gigantic ecological price.



Gordon Alexander
Thermal Pollution—An East Coast nucle

POLLUTION OF THE SEA is difficult to assess, precisely because of its frequently localized nature. A ruined dock here, a fish kill there—these are not pleasant

Richard Bernstein writes for Time *magazine.*

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wer plant with its harvest of dead fish.

to hear about, but they do not inspire worldwide alarm. Who, after all, can estimate the requirements of the human advance? If every death or environmental dislocation were allowed to stop progress, mankind never would have arisen from the Stone Age. Even now, marine biologists are reluctant to talk of anything except local effects. "The fact is that we don't understand what happens to the ocean when we pollute it with anything," says Dr. Guy McCloud of the New England Aquarium. Though there are some, like Jacques Cousteau, who warn that it is only a matter of decades before we ruin the oceans unalterably, most scientists remain unwilling to return any cosmic verdicts on the ultimate fate of life in the sea.

Still, the data coming in from various scientific sources during the past couple of years has begun to paint a more alarming picture. Investigations of the effects of various contaminants are beginning to reveal problems of a far wider scope than heretofore realized, regarding not only the sheer volume of marine contamination but its extremely poisonous effects on the environment as well.

Oil provides a graphic example. Ironically, though the most visible and highly publicized form of marine contamination, oil traditionally has been thought by the scientific community to have little harmful effect on the marine ecosystem. As late as their 1971 meeting in Rome, the Joint Group of Experts on the Scientific Aspects of Marine Pollution (GESAMP) concluded that "a single heavy contamination of the flora and fauna of the intertidal zone has a negligible effect [on marine life]." Most studies of oil spills rely on subjective visual measurements or else on statistical analyses of adult fish; this has led to the belief that spills do little biological damage to the seas. Indeed, since oil spills do seem to disappear after a couple of weeks, many scientists have concluded that a combination of evaporation and biological degradation of the oil rids the water of contamination after a very short period of time.

More recent, sophisticated studies have effectively challenged this view. At the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution, for example, an interdisciplinary group of scientists has studied over a period of almost four years a small oil spill that took place in Buzzards Bay, Massachusetts. Studying not adult fish but the subtidal organisms that live in the marine sediments and cannot swim away from the contamination, the Woods Hole group established three important findings: The oil persisted in the environment far longer than had been thought possible, it continued to spread over the ocean floor months after the accident, and its toxic effects on wide varieties of marine life lasted not for days or weeks but for months or even years.

The immediate kill in the heavily affected area of Buzzards Bay was, as expected, virtually complete. Some 95 percent of the fish, crabs, lobsters, clams, and other invertebrates were dead within hours of the spill. What was unexpected was the spread of the oil in the sediments beneath the surface. Immediately after the accident, a control station was set up beyond the area of expected contamination. Within three weeks oil was found at this station, along with a lot of dead marine organisms. A second control station twice as far from the shore was then established, and it, too, was overtaken by oil spreading on the ocean floor with still another kill of bottom-living animals. Eight months after the spill, the polluted offshore area had grown to ten times the area initially affected, eventually covering twenty-two square kilometers of offshore water, tidal river, and marsh.

Thus, although shortly after the accident the area returned visually to its former state of natural beauty, chemically and biologically the ill effects of the spill still were present over a large area of the shore line. A year of evaporation and bacterial action on the oil did not remove many of its most highly toxic components. Young blue mussels that were affected by the spill in 1969 were sterile in 1970; oysters that had been contaminated by the oil were kept in clean, running sea water for six months; yet a substantial residual component of fuel oil remained in their tissues at the end of that time. In all, the evidence added up to a far more incriminating picture of the problems of oil than had been envisaged.

Still, the scientists at Woods Hole steer clear of anything resembling an apocalyptic judgment. "Our understanding of this problem is very meager," says Dr. Howard Sanders. "It's extremely dangerous to make these self-satisfied and assured statements that are way out. It may even be that the economic aspects of this are of overriding importance. But we still have to find out what the effect is. That's the important thing."

BUT ONE NEED be no prophet to see that the problem threatens to get worse, not better. Already signs are evident that certain types of contamination are becoming global in scope. Golf-ball-sized pieces of tar, formed from the heavier, more viscous components of oil, have been found in massive proportions throughout the Atlantic Ocean, affecting some 665,000 square miles of surface water. Last summer, widely scattered research vessels on duty between Cape Cod and the Caribbean repeatedly found their

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plankton-collecting nets fouled by thick clumps of oil. Half the plankton samples gathered from surface areas proved to be oil contaminated. Similarly, tiny plastic spherules, each half the diameter of a pinhead, have been found throughout the American continental shelf, in the Caribbean, and in the open Atlantic. These have been identified as polystyrene "suspension beads," the kind of material that goes into insulation and such common items as disposable coffee cups. In one study, conducted by Dr. Edward Carpenter along the coast of southern New England, they were found in the stomachs of eight of fourteen species of fish collected. While it is unclear whether tar balls or plastic spherules will have severe harmful effects on the environment, their presence in large concentrations throughout such vast tracts of oceans indicates, if nothing else, that some forms of contamination are far from local problems.

Also, the spread of certain heavy metals and potentially dangerous insecticides is now reaching alarming proportions. The Rome meeting of GESAMP reported that something in the range of 40 to 60 percent of all organochloride pesticides (like DDT) manufactured each year ends up in the sea, carried there primarily by air currents. Similarly, GESAMP has found that enormous quantities of lead are being introduced into the marine environment. Used as an anti-knock agent in motor fuel, lead is released into the atmosphere in exhaust fumes and then rained into the sea, as much as 2×10^5 tons annually. Though man will suffer no known ill effects if he eats fish whose tissue has absorbed lead from the water, "the rapid increase of the level of lead in the marine environment," the GESAMP report concludes, ". . . must be viewed with alarm."

The list of globally significant pollutants could go on indefinitely. PCBs (polychlorinated biphenyl compounds) are believed to be as widespread in the seas as DDT and other organochloride compounds. About 4000 to 5000 tons of mercury are dumped into the ocean each year in the form of industrial waste; an equal amount is released into the atmosphere by the burning of coal and oil and later washed into the oceans. Not all forms of mercury are harmful to man, but methyl mercury, which can be formed in the sea from the decomposition of other mercuric compounds, is the substance that killed forty-one people in Minamata, Japan.

LIKE OTHER FORMS of pollution, that of the oceans is a by-product of economic growth and thus to an extent inevitable. Most of man's waste products directly or indirectly pollute the ocean. Sewage, automobile exhaust, industrial waste, warm water, the grease that mechanics wash from their hands at the end of a hard day —all of these contaminate the seas. And, as long as most nations continue to be committed to further growth, the danger increases that our oceans will be converted from inexhaustible treasure houses into trackless graveyards of civilization itself.

What then can be done? What is being done?

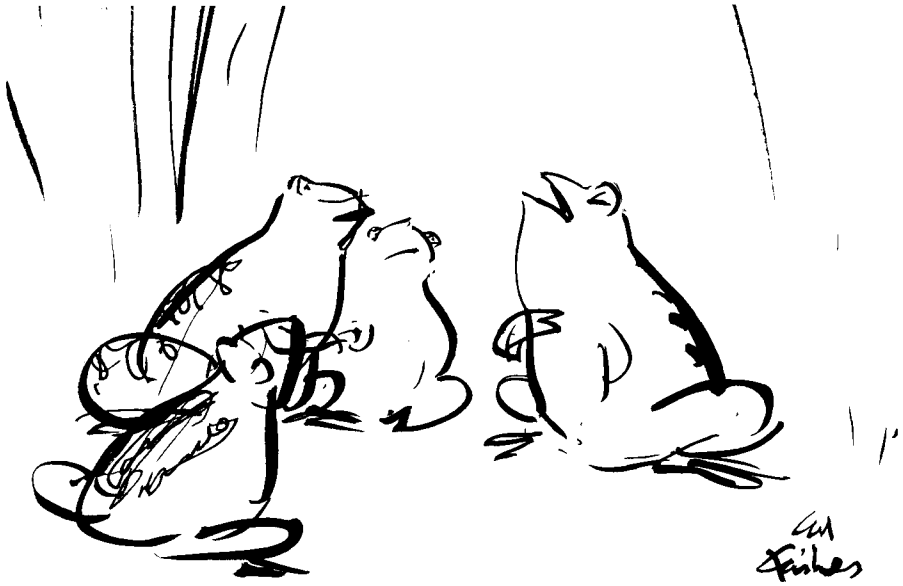
An ambitious and comprehensive undertaking is being planned at the United Nations. A conference on the Law of the Sea, now in the planning stages in New York, will consider a wide-ranging marine pollution convention. This legislation envisages a combination of global, regional, and national controls that, it is hoped, will comprise a complete pollution-control package. Globally, minimum standards would be set for the preservation of the marine environment; regional and national provisions then would deal more specifically with special situations in the various parts of the globe.

But the number of conflicts that any effective legislation would create ensures that the process of coming to international agreement will be at best a slow one. There will be problems of jurisdiction and enforcement, themselves related to divergences in national interest. There will be innumerable local, practical problems. If discharges are to be regulated (they will not be prohibited), the question arises, Who is to discharge how much, when, and where? There will be problems relating to national strategic interest. Will one nation, for example, be able to restrict the passage of nuclear subs through its coastal waters because an accident would be disastrous to the environment? Might pollution controls be used as a pretext to cause inconvenience to the shipping, military or commercial, of rival states?

Perhaps the most serious problem concerns economic competition. Pollution control costs money, and spending money creates competitive disadvantages. Particularly to the less-developed world, already suffering from serious disadvantages in other spheres, the prospect of pollution control may prove less than agreeable. After all, the industrialized nations enjoyed the luxury of development without expensive environmental concerns. Now the majority of mankind that lives in the rest of the world is being asked to dispense with the same luxury. They may not be very willing.

This is the real crux of the issue. Like all environmental concerns, marine pollution boils down to a question of austerity—global austerity. It's a problem of willingness to make do with less. Two cars in every garage, even only one, means continued pollution of the seas. Or, as one marine biologist in Boston put it, "The solution is really very simple. You've just got to be prepared to walk to work." □

(Second in a series on problems concerning the use of the seas.)



"Write about me as I am, warts and all."

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The painting that made a marriage legal

Not one person in a thousand suspects the real meaning of this famous double portrait by Jan van Eyck. Actually, it portrays a wedding, and all the fascinating details are symbolic references to the sacrament of marriage.

As John Canaday points out in the first portfolio of the Metropolitan Museum Seminars in Art, the little dog symbolizes faithfulness; the discarded sandals, humility; and the single candle, the presence of God. Above the mirror, which signifies purity, is an inscription meaning, "Jan van Eyck was here, 1434," written in script proper to a document. For the painting really is a document: a painted marriage certificate!

If you had come across this painting in a museum, would you have understood what the artist was trying to tell you? Or would you have missed the hidden meanings?

A surprising number of otherwise cultivated persons have a blind spot so far as painting is concerned. Visiting a museum, they stand before a respected work of art and see nothing but its surface aspects. It was to help such persons that New York's Metropolitan Museum and John Canaday, art critic of *The New York Times*, created the Seminars in Art, a unique program of assisted self-education in art appreciation.

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The Eleventh Movement

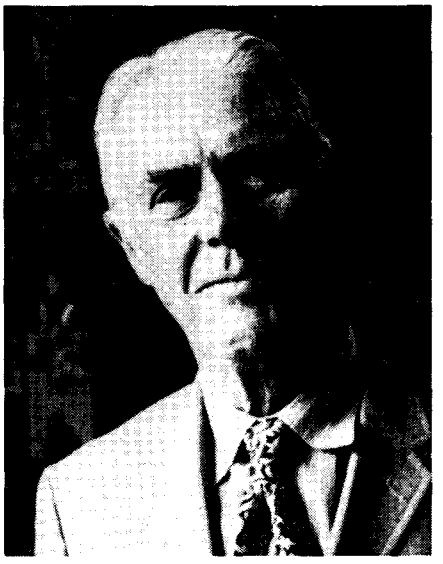
TEMPORARY KINGS
By Anthony Powell
Little, Brown, and Company, 280 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Roger Starr

Temporary Kings is the eleventh volume in Anthony Powell's twelve-volume masterwork entitled *A Dance to the Music of Time*. Ultimately, indeed, one must discuss *Temporary Kings* as one panel of a quadruple triptych (the American publisher is issuing the volumes in groups of three). In the meantime, however, this disclosure should not trouble the casual reader any more than learning that the stranger in an adjacent airplane seat, with whom conversation has in fact been quite satisfactory, is Charles Chaplin or Alexander Solzhenitsyn. For though the reader must enter *Temporary Kings* through a sudden shower of unfamiliar and unintroduced characters, a shower that may dampen his enthusiasm as he passes the gate, the novel is in and by itself an interesting, sardonic, witty, and original book.

The book opens in the dining room of a hotel in Venice, circa 1955, where guests are being entertained by a Neapolitan balladeer. This balladeer may or may not be the same man who sang the same song (*"Funiculi, Funicula"*) at the same hotel when the novel's narrator, Nick Jenkins, had first visited there forty years earlier, as a child in the custody of his parents. And the novel ends with the imminent death of the narrator's friend, a composer and conductor whose final illness began when he was "advising" for a charity performance of Mozart's *Abduction from the Seraglio*. Thus, in keeping with the overall title of the masterwork, this volume is framed by music. Between the Neapolitan song and the Viennese opera—both of which are concerned with the question of seduction—the novel's action originates and flourishes.

To the frame of musical references is added a second type of symmetry—two references to, of all things, early motorcars. Just as the narrator is reminded by the rendition of *"Funiculi, Funicula"* of the futurists' early awe and rapture over the immense power of the first automobiles, so, after leaving his dying friend's bedside at the end of the book, is he stopped on Waterloo Bridge by a parade of these very same cars, now fifty-odd years older; what were once harbingers of unimaginable change in the human condition have now become the objects of nostalgic amusement. This shift in attitude toward the same physical object serves a double purpose: In addition to framing the action of this particular novel, it emphasizes, on a smaller scale, the change in attitude toward familiar things that marks the passage of time in human affairs throughout the masterwork.



Anthony Powell—"Witty, sardonic . . . master of unflinching coincidence."

And lying on his deathbed, surrounded by books and commenting with equanimity on poetry and cars, the composer, Moreland, is made to embody another of the major themes of the work. He suggests that the only attitude capable of sustaining the changes of life is an informed Stoicism, nursed on observation and irony, on scholarship and art.

The action in *Temporary Kings* begins at the opening of an international congress of intellectuals held in Venice in the postwar years, probably during the mid-Fifties. As is usual in Powell's work, the exposition of ordinary detail is practically omitted; what the reader learns he feels he has learned by his own efforts, by careful attention to the conversation. Sometimes he is aided by an occasional reminiscence of the narrator, itself consisting largely of remembered conversation. Those who demand a literal rendering of facts—who want to know, for instance, who sponsored the intellectuals' congress and what its purpose was—must find themselves uncomfortable in Powell's world. So also must those readers who crave some statement of an inner truth of consciousness, subconsciousness, or unconsciousness. The characters' feelings must be inferred by narrator and reader from their observations of the characters' acts in much the same way that the objective background, if there is one, must be inferred from the conversation. What we know about the congress we learn mainly from a snatch of dialogue in which Jenkins is invited to attend the meeting and become, as he himself puts it, a temporary king, briefly crowned and then destroyed like the carrier of the Golden Bough. This information is enriched by a brief report about the appearance of one of the characters before a congress audience: "Shuckerly . . . won applause by the artlessness and modesty with which he emphasized the many previous occasions on which he had made his now quite famous speech about culture being the sceneshifter to ring up the iron curtain." What more need be said to characterize indelibly such a congress and its delegates?

Essentially the novel is the story of two Americans whom Jenkins, the narrator, meets in Venice. One, Russell Gwinnett, a distant, collateral descendant of a signer of the Declaration of Independence, is collecting data for a book about the late X. Trapnel, a mysterious British writer who happens to have been an acquaintance of Jenkins.

The pursuit of Trapnel echoes a theme familiar to readers of Powell's earliest (pre-*Dance)* books, *Whatever Became of Waring?* and *Agents and Patients*: the search for the connection between artistic reality and the person of the creator. In the earlier work this research was treated as farce, but here Gwinnett's search for Trapnel is treated more gravely, as comedy, although there is a scene in a rooming house in London, involving a naked woman and the blind father-in-law of the landlady, that contains the flammable elements of farce, to which Powell chooses not to put the match. Yet, in the end, the search is tragic. Gwinnett is in some sense destroyed by the woman who had previously destroyed Trapnel himself.

The other American is Louis Glober. Along with the narrator and Gwinnett, Glober might be numbered among the temporary kings. He is a playboy-tycoon of Jewish origin, marvelously facile and

Roger Starr is executive director of the Citizens Housing and Planning Council of New York. He is writing a book on housing and the money market.

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gifted, extraordinarily successful with women and money, a man whom the narrator finds both likable and attractive, and yet he is doomed never to complete his designs. He is, in fact, to be killed in a racing-car crash. He is introduced to us as the lover of Lady Pamela Widmerpool, wife of Kenneth Widmerpool, a figure in the British Labour party and a major character in the dance. Their affair is to come to an end, as Glober becomes involved with an actress, while Pamela—who is none other than the destroyer of Trapnel—turns her attentions to Gwinnett and destroys him as well.

NOW, UNFLINCHING COINCIDENCE is part of the formal structure of this novel, as it is of the entire series; functionally, coincidence reminds the reader that all of the characters in the series inhabit a continuing social world (as do most of us). The very essence of the series is that the characters keep meeting each other in encounters over which they have but little conscious control. And it is the difference in their relationships over time, measurable because the reader is expected to recall the previous occasions on which their trajectories crossed, that enables the author to create a mood compounded of nostalgia and objectivity. It is a mood quite unlike that of any other novel that comes to mind and one that achieves an altogether remarkable feeling of reality.

Powell's capacity to provide details so striking that they seem, inevitably, to be reports of an observed original does not suffer, but, on the contrary, gains great power, from his elliptical technique. And nothing better illustrates this technique than his treatment of the Tiepolo fresco, which is alleged to be painted on the ceiling of a private palazzo in Venice. The delegates to the congress are taken to see the fresco, and it is through the eyes of all these major characters that we come to see it.

The subject of the painting is itself astonishing, consisting of the tale of Candaules and Gyges as reported originally by Herodotus. Candaules, king of Lydia, was apparently so proud of the beauty of his wife that he insisted that Gyges, captain of the king's guard, hide in the royal bedchamber to observe and admire her naked loveliness while he, the king, made love to her. The fresco, we are told, catches the moment at which Candaules, on his couch, awaits his wife, who is proceeding toward him with, nonetheless, a certain reserve in her manner. Her hesitation is immediately noted by Jenkins, who seeks to discover in the painter's treatment of her body and its attitude a clue to the state of her mind.

The explanation of the queen's hesitation is provided by the back of Gyges, seen hurriedly fleeing from behind one of the draperies. Pamela Widmerpool's attention focuses on an aspect of the picture quite different from that which attracted Jenkins: Candaules's erection. "Who's the naked man with the stand?" is her opening question. It develops that her interest has been aroused by something far more than simple lubricity. We learn, before the characters move to other rooms, that she had herself been entangled by her husband in a similar episode involving, as its Gyges, a man with whom Widmerpool, as its Candaules, had political relations (in Lord Widmerpool's case, the politics were apparently near-treasonable, involving the disclosure of secrets to a faction of leaders of an iron-curtain country in the Balkans). Pamela's concern with the painting stems from her awareness that the arranged voyeurism stimulates the king sexually. Why? The question's relevance is greatly heightened by the recall of earlier episodes in the series, outside the covers of this novel, that involve, separately, both Widmerpool and Pamela in the pursuit of political and sexual power. Glober is interested in the political unwisdom of Candaules in his relationship with Gyges.

Gwinnett, whose nature is most difficult to understand from his acts—providing an opportunity for the narrator to discuss, with remarkable economy, the newly influential American character—appears merely to want to know the pith of the story of the fresco. Yet, to bring Pamela to his aid, he manages—by accident? by design?—to exploit the moment at which she is most alienated from Lord Widmerpool and closest, in memory, to her lovers.

Thus, Powell sews *Temporary Kings* into his major tapestry, the seam so perfect that it can scarcely be detected. Lord Widmerpool (raised to lifetime peerage in this last volume, although he was an awkward public schoolmate of Jenkins in the first volume) becomes a vital connection between Gwinnett and Trapnel; Pamela Widmerpool, central to Jenkins's memories of his earliest friends and thus essential to the changing relationships of the pre- and post-war worlds, embarks on the adventure that will be central to the plot of *Temporary Kings*. And by his contact with Pamela, Gwin-

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THE USE OF LAND

Edited by William K. Reilly

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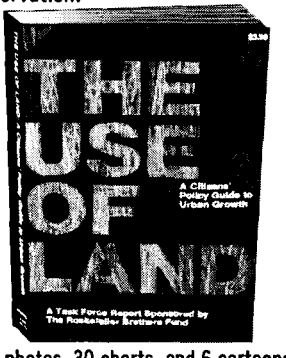

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nett, whose conscious purpose was only to record the past played by another figure, now joins the dance himself.

THE USE OF OTHER ARTS—painting and music—as a filtering medium through which the novelistic fiction becomes more real occurs again in the title of the masterwork as a whole. Jenkins tells us that Tiepolo and Poussin are his favorite painters. Tiepolo's role has already been discussed, but equally significant is the fact that *A Dance to the Music of Time* is one of two names (*Ballo della Vita Humana*, the other) for a renowned Poussin in the Wallace Collection in London. The painting represents four women in classic gowns, dancing in a ring, facing outward. Time sits in the lower right-hand corner of the painting, making his music on a harp. The head, or should one say the faces, of Janus stand on a pedestal at the left border. Two *putti*, one holding an hourglass, the other a soap-bubble pipe, sit in the foreground. In the sky, surrounded and crowned by luminous clouds, Apollo drives his chariot through the zodiac.

We are told by Erwin Panofsky, who has written at length about the painting, that the four womanly figures represent four stages of society. The first is Poverty, then Fatica (Labor), then Riches, and finally Luxury—the misuse of Riches, which inevitably leads to Poverty once again. Although it would be an arrogant and misleading critic who would overemphasize an intent on Powell's part to reproduce in fictional terms Poussin's iconography (as misleading, in my view, as the belief that Joyce's *Ulysses* derives its greatness from its classic and rhetorical infrastructure), the tone and intent of Powell are, nevertheless, recalled by the words used by Panofsky in his description of Poussin's painting. He writes that Poussin imagines the cycle

> [of life] as a dance performed by handsome female figures who, though subject to the implacable laws of cosmic time, nevertheless within these limits can move freely and connect rhythmically with one another, thus impressing us as self-sufficient organisms.... Thus Poussin's conception of life as a condition free though fatebound, dignified though pathetic, imperishable though variable, transpires even in a composition that seems to be nothing but the offshoot of a rather conventional allegorical tradition.

The description of Poussin's work is helpful in understanding Powell's not only because it recites the work's strengths but also because it implies some of the faults that Powell's detractors have claimed to find in his work. The most often heard of these is the charge that Powell's work is too narrow and too limited in scope, that, like a conventional allegory, its main figures are shepherds and shepherdesses so aristocratic in their mien that their behavior lacks general applicability. Thus, a recent front-page review in *The New York Times Book Review* praised Graham Greene as the greatest living English novelist because his "reach and grasp" are greater than Powell's.

No one would maintain that Powell's characters are drawn from the entire breadth of British class structure, although it is a fact that in the period he describes the rigidities of class origins had become far more flexible than they had been previously. It is important to recognize, however, that Powell is not involved in writing an exposition of social relationships or an explanation of the relationship between men and women and their specific environment. The book makes little appeal to sentimental recollection; what fascinates the author is the repeated interplay of characters in a social order as it changes over a period of time. In the social order with which Powell is familiar, the tempo of change accelerates but never quite reaches so high a speed that one cannot follow the dance or notice the changed relationships among the dancers. It is possible to imagine a novelist with similar interests writing about the changing relationships among the residents of a slum block in the south Bronx, though perhaps the tempi might be so rapid that following them would become impossible.

I have toyed with the notion of composing a synopsis and a cast of characters suitable for inscription on a celluloid cuff, for the purpose of refreshing the reader's recollection of exactly what happened to Nick Jenkins's uncle in a Bayswater hotel five volumes earlier.

IN ADDITION TO attacking his subject matter and the narrowness of his social canvas, Powell's detractors focus on his politics. Powell is attacked for being a Tory (I have no idea whether or not he is one) and for being anti-Labour party and anti-communist (he surely is). Powell's objections to the Labour party and to the representatives of the Liberal-Labour establishment abound. I think it important to make it clear that the objections are not ideological, in the sense that they might be directed to elements in the system of beliefs or the program of the Labour party, or the Left, generally. Powell's value judgments are stimulated, rather, by the behavior he catalogues in those of his characters who adhere to the Left. I see nothing in the books that cannot be reconciled with the belief that the movement to the Left (however one may define it) is the most serious political movement, or, if one wishes, religious movement, of the times about which

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WIT TWISTER NO. 9
Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

I'll not — — — — — —
another prawn—that's that!—
Or slice your bloody steak all — —
— — — — with fat!
I've — — — — — — you, but
not for chops and wurst,
Since on my list, crisp — — — —
— — would come first.

A. S.

Answer, see page 13.

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Powell writes. His position might be compared with that of an old Roman who, in noting the rise of Christianity, would question the value of this new religion by observing the personal behavior of its adherents.

Cherishing a belief in the importance of clarity, as might a Stoic, both in one's understanding of oneself and in one's relationship with one's fellows, Powell cannot conceal his revulsion for those whose objective curiosity has been abandoned and who would sacrifice both knowledge and personal relationships for the sake of a murky principle: For example, when a leftist takes a position, can we be sure that he takes it because it advances the general aim of leftness or must we be suspicious that he takes the position because it has identified those aims so completely with a party faction that the main goal has been forgotten or obscured? Powell is also repelled by those who hate their own past; affection for the past, for its reality, is an essential quality for one who would dance to time's music. And there's a little too much success in the adherence to the Labour party to stimulate confidence. While Poussin represents Fatica (Labor) as the instrument by which Poverty is turned to Riches, in Powell's version the figure of Labor abstractly seems to have been replaced by the Labour party, which rewards its adherents with peerages and plenty.

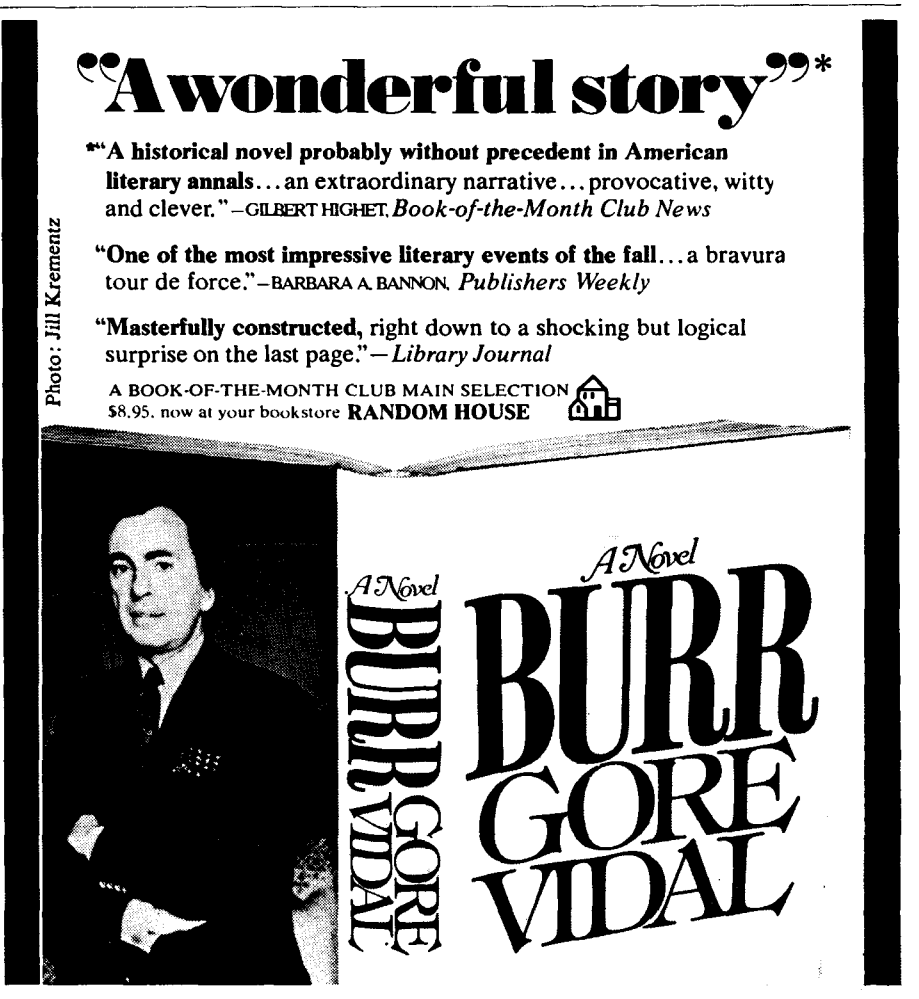
WIDMERPOOL, A COMIC-TRAGIC antagonist of major importance (a Pecksniff on a wholly different plane of reality), demonstrates all of these damning qualities. He is unclear about his own objectives beyond self-advancement; so the most sophisticated observers cannot agree on his precise political affiliations. His curiosity about his fellow man is entirely non-existent; his consequent quality of feeling, dead. He is disloyal to his own past, sending his secretary to represent him at his mother's funeral. Although surely Powell was not attempting to give a rounded picture of the theory and practice of socialism, the question raised remains a good one: If the movement is indeed a religion of salvation, why should such a man be its representative?

Like any other major novelist, Powell does adhere to a set of values in human conduct, and like many of the great English novelists of the nineteenth century—George Eliot and Jane Austen come to mind—he finds his characters' values in their deeds, not in their consciousness. Perhaps his value system can be summarized best in a passage from *Books Do Furnish a Room*, the tenth novel of the series. Powell is writing about the deaths of two brothers, Erridge Tolland (Lord Warminster) and his younger brother, George. George Tolland dies, in the early postwar period, as a result of war wounds suffered on duty in the Middle East. Erridge, the pacifist, radical earl, dies shortly thereafter, from what seems to have been hypochondriacal melancholy.

Powell, in the person of his narrator, writes:

> [My] train of thought invited comparison between the two brothers, their character and fates. Erridge, high minded, willing to endure discomfort, ridicule, solitude, in a fervent anxiety to set the world right, had at the same time, as a comfortably situated older son, a taste for holding on to his money, except for intermittent doles —no doubt generous ones— to [those] who represented . . . The Good Life. Erridge was wholly uninterested in individuals; his absorption only in "causes."
>
> George, on the other hand, had never shown much concern with righting the world, except that in a sense his death might be regarded as stemming from an effort to prevent the place from becoming worse. He had not been at all adept at making money, but never, so to speak, set the glass of port he liked after lunch—if there were any excuse—before, say, educating his stepchildren in a general manner. A competent officer . . . , his target was always the regular soldier's . . . to do his duty to the fullest extent, without, at the same time, seeking supererogatory burdens or looking out for trouble.
>
> With newsprint still in short supply, Erridge's obituaries were briefer than might have been the case in normal times, but he received some little notice: polite references to lifelong leftwing convictions, political reorientations in that field, final pacifism; the last contrasted with having "fought" (the months in Spain having by now taken mythical shape) in the Spanish civil war. George was, of course, mentioned only in the ordinary death announcements inserted by the family. Musing on the brothers, it looked a bit as if, in an oblique manner, Erridge, at least by implication, had been given the credit for paying the debt that had in fact been irrefutably settled by George.

I am willing to concede that this is not the whole truth about the connection between ideology and individualism, but it seems to me the essential core. And, not least, I admire Powell for his dedication to it. □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Odd Memories

I have never taken a trip that disappointed me. My spirit leaps at the mere thought of boarding a plane or train to—anywhere. Like Hazlitt, I could spend my whole life roaming, if only I could borrow another lifetime to spend in blissful reminiscence at home.

Whenever my feet begin to itch and I cannot take them to Venice or Samarkand, I lean back and take a token trip—on that gray-goo vehicle that weighs around three pounds and is called the brain. Sometimes I imagine I am in Hong Kong again, or in the Valley of the Butterflies on Rhodes, or in Portofino; or in lovely Devon, or approaching the enchanted island of Santorini, or in the scarcely known Canyon of the Walls of Gold, in Arizona.

Memory sends me off on marvelous journeys-by-free-association—from Jamaica to Jerusalem to Japan. And I savor the images that pop into my mind. They are not at *all* what you might suspect.

Example: Pisa. Does that name trigger the image of the Leaning Tower? Not to me. When I hear "Pisa," the image that swims into memory is—a camel. The startling sight of a camel near the Leaning Tower of Pisa buried itself in the "Miscellaneous" drawer of my mental files, where it remained—unattended, but minding its own business—until this morning, when I learned that back in the seventeenth century an Italian soldier brought a humped herd to his native land. He had taken them as loot after a battle against the Turks. They (the camels) married, had babies, and their progeny seem perfectly happy in Pisa.

Or take the name "Nantucket." Whenever I hear this Algonquin name, a tantalizing scene replays itself on the stage of my memory:

Nantucket

Scene: The porch of an old inn.

Enter Old New England Biddy—*in erect disdain. Takes rocking chair near mine. Nods. Opens reticule. Lace handkerchief. Violet sachet. She begins to rock, gazing at the sea.*

Enter Second Old New England Biddy.

SECOND O.N.E.B. (Spying first O.N.E.B.) Ah, my *dear* Mrs. Prksmm!

FIRST O.N.E.B. Good morning, Mrs. Bntrkp. Do come sit here.

SECOND O.N.E.B. Thnkyu . . .

FIRST O.N.E.B. And *did* you visit with the Agrlnts last night?

SECOND O.N.E.B. Oh, yes . . . Indeed . . . Indeed, yes . . . *Lovely* visit.

FIRST O.N.E.B. And how is dear Vrnca?

SECOND O.N.E.B. Middling.

FIRST O.N.E.B. And Charles? *Dear* Charles . . .

SECOND O.N.E.B. (sighs) We-ell . . .

FIRST O.N.E.B. I know. . . . Did he not use to think himself a beagle?

SECOND O.N.E.B. Mm-hm . . . Still does.

FIRST O.N.E.B. Pity . . .

I can't think of a play on Broadway with dialogue like that.

Here are five more odd segments of life, unforgettably linked in my mind with places I have known:

Madrid

Years ago. . . . The sleek, long, gleaming limousine wafted us down the Gran Via, past all the café tables, the startling blondes, the dark, fat couples with their beautifully dressed, invariably spoiled children.

My host, a man of great influence and illustrious lineage, smiled. "Yesterday, my dear Léon, we did talk about Spain. Spanish temperament. Spanish ways. Pride and Faith—and Arrogance? . . . To you, I am yet a—puzzle, *sí*? *España* is —an enigma, no?

"Well, my friend, to understand us, you must know this one thing: We Spaniards—we all are raised in the sight of blod. *Blod*! . . . As little children, we go to the bullfights. We see that life-giving red fluid spilling on the sand. *Blod*. And everyone cheers. . . .

"So Franco, this fat, clever *caudillo*, is imperative to our peace. Only *he* does keep us from slaughtering one another. . . .

"The civil war . . . *Dios*, what horrors! Murders. Revenges. Savagery. Madness.

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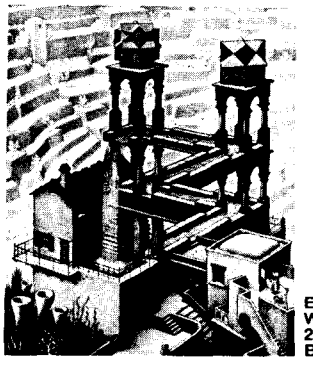

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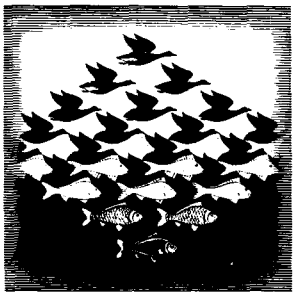

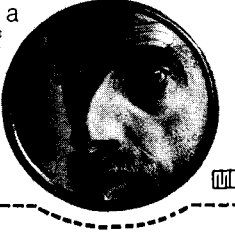

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I know. I *saw*. . . . Every Spaniard, Léon, keeps a list." He tapped his temple, smiling. "A list of names. People each one would be happy to keel! . . . My list is short. I am no fanatic. Only forty-two names. Forty-two—with each I have an account to settle. . . . If the troubles ever come back, *amigo*, my forty-two—" He drew his forefinger across his throat in a swift, straight, savage line. "Krrrrk!"

It was the most bloodcurdling sound I ever heard from a human throat.

Istanbul

Fists. Fists pounding on automobile doors. You're not supposed to blow your horn in Istanbul (at night you blink your headlights on and off, in signal or warning or rage). So Istanbul's drivers stick their left arms out of their windows and bang away furiously on the door panels with their fists. The first time I took a taxi I thought we were being machine-gunned.

My English friend was now banging away road signals as we drove along the Bosporus. (Greek mythology says that it was here that the goddess Io, turned by Jupiter into a cow, swam across the channel. Bosporus means "bull's passage.")

We glided past the minarets of the Ortaköy Mosque, the magnificent Dolmabahçe Palace, and Asia Minor lay shining across the strait.

We curved north and up, into the hills, and now my host kept glancing at his watch. "Must get back before sundown."

"Appointment?" I asked.

"No, old boy . . . It's just—well, no one in his right mind wants to get caught on this road after sunset."

"Bandits?" I asked.

"No. An army installation . . . Last year, a couple—he was a colleague—driving along here was stopped and abducted by soldiers." He paused. "They both 'served' the regiment—for three days and nights."

His pretty wife shuddered. "Istanbul . . . When we arrived, I wanted a driver's license. The police commissioner was horrified. 'A woman? To drive? *Alone*? No, no! Is bad in Istanbul. Dangerous.' 'Nonsense,' I said. 'I have a powerful scream.' He turned quite green. 'You will cry out for help? Oh, *no*. No, *no*! That is *worst* of things you can do! Men —men will come running from all the directions! . . . It is better, Madame, to be raped by only one.' "

Her husband bore down on the throttle.

Seville

A movie theater. The marquee advertised *Portrait of Jenny*, starring Jennifer Jones and Joseph Cotten. And hanging from the marquee was a banner that said:

> ¿Qué es el tiempo? ¿Qué es espacio?
> Una eterna pregunta, uno misterio,
> una ilusión, una fatalidad.

Which means:

> What is time? What is space?
> An eternal question, a mystery,
> an illusion, a fatality.

You don't see marquees like that in Schenectady.

Tokyo

I was strolling down the Ginza when a gentleman in a kimono and a Western fedora clattered up to me on his getas (clogs), beaming and grinning (the flash of steel in his mouth almost blinded me), jerked downward in the *de rigueur* bow, and said, giggling, "Ah, prease. I speak Engrish. Arrow me. . . ." (The Japanese, terribly proud to know the language of their conquerors, seize every chance to practice their "Engrish.") He held up a cigarette.

I: No, thank you.
Japanese Gentleman: Ah, so . . . But, prease. I desire . . . *match*. For light.
I: Ahhh, so!

As I struck a match for my accoster, I remembered something I had heard the day before from a U.S. Navy officer. After wandering around the monstrous warren of Tokyo, he had hailed a taxi. He spoke not a word of Japanese. He gave the driver the name of his hotel, very slowly, very clearly; the driver beamed, nodded, giggled, but made not the slightest move to drive on. It was clear he had not understood.

The officer got a cigarette and, as he struck a match, noticed he was using a matchbook from his hotel. *Banzai!* He held up the matchbook, tapping his finger on the cover sententiously. Now the cabdriver's face lit up. *"Hai!"* he barked. Off zoomed the taxi.

When the cab finally stopped, the driver turned to the officer with a triumphant flourish of the hand.

The navy officer looked out. He was at the entrance to a match factory.

P.S. It was the very factory that made matches for the hotel; its name and address were printed under the strike-bar of the matchbook the officer had so cleverly tapped to guide the driver. □

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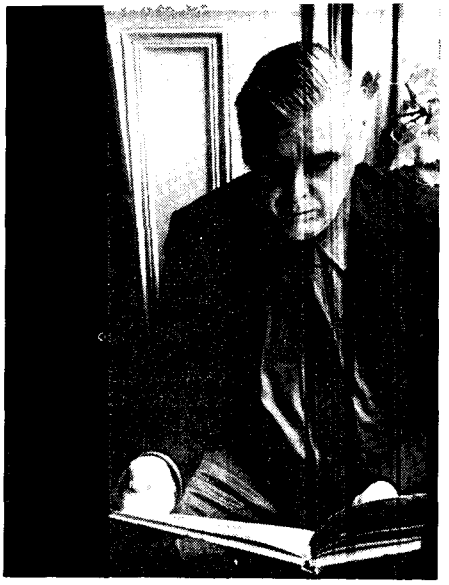
Books

The Sanity of Art

MORTAL WOUNDS
By Anthony West
McGraw-Hill, 352 pp., $10.00

Reviewed by Vivian Mercier

Is there not something deliciously ironical in the ease with which a splenetic pamphleteer, with nothing to show for himself except a bookful of blunders tacked onto a mock scientific theory picked up at second hand from a few lunacy doctors with a literary turn, should be able to create a European scandal by declaring that the greatest creative artists of the century are barren and hysterical madmen?



Anthony West—"Splenetic pamphleteer."

No, this is not Mercier on West. It is a quotation from a piece written by a self-styled journalist in 1895, which, as the author prophesied, has remained topical ever since.

In the case of *Mortal Wounds* the pamphleteer—a decidedly splenetic one—happens to be Anthony West; he has picked up his mock scientific theory from just one "lunacy doctor," but one with an undeniable "literary turn," the late Dr. Eric Berne, author of the best-selling *Games People Play*. West expresses himself a little more circumspectly, saying, "I am confident that insofar as literary criticism has a future it is as a form of applied psychiatry," but his argument is essentially that of Max Nordau in *Degeneration*. Unfortunately, because of "the familiar editorial stigma of degeneracy, which Nordau calls agoraphobia, or fear of space," I haven't room here to repeat the entire argument of Bernard Shaw's "The Sanity of Art": You'll find it in his *Major Critical Essays*, in any good library. I would just like to add to Shaw's definitive reply to Nordau and all his philistine successors the unoriginal comment that if art arises from psychic trauma, this does not mean that art is itself pathological; on the contrary, it is therapeutic. Yeats's poem "Ego Dominus Tuus" makes this point more effectively than Lionel Trilling's answer to Edmund Wilson's *The Wound and the Bow*.

I don't believe that West's book will in fact create a scandal, European or otherwise, for through a curious mixture of cowardice and ineptitude he has buried his attack on D. H. Lawrence and Proust—and, to a lesser extent, on Flaubert and Henry James—in a fifty-five-page postscript to a full-length book about three eccentric women, only one of whom, George Sand, took herself seriously as a novelist or had any right to do so. The other women are Mme de Staël and Mme de Charrière, better known as Belle de Zuylen or Zélide, who charmed the young Benjamin Constant long before he met Mme de Staël and who still earlier received a proposal of marriage from Boswell. Of all three ladies West says,

> Their writing can be seen to rise . . . directly from the necessities of their conveniently documented psychological situations. They all had a common compulsion to claim to be more than ordinarily important people, and they all resorted to the novel to justify and reinforce their claims. I have tried to show, by an analysis of their patterns of behavior, the probable sources of their compulsion in the large demands of love denied in early life; and I have tried to show the very direct way in which the content of their work was determined by the forces that dictated their behavior. It is my considered view, for what it may be worth, that these three persons are typical as writers.

On reading this statement in West's foreword, one naturally assumes that the book to follow will contain much analysis, either literary or psychiatric, of the three ladies' novels. Not at all. We are given cursory glimpses of two out of Sand's total production of more than fifty serious works of fiction—psychological, political, and pastoral. She is certainly a better novelist than West and, on the evidence of her letters to Flaubert, a better critic. Not a single novel by Mme de Staël is examined, a fact for which perhaps we ought to be grateful. On the other hand, Mme de Charrière's entire output of five novels is analyzed with some care. Why the disproportion? Dare one suggest that, since relatively less is known about Zélide than about the others, whose private lives were always in fact sensationally public, West had to fall back on literary criticism not as "a form of applied psychiatry" but as a form of applied padding?

I suspect that West started out with no more serious intent than to produce a fairly conventional, Peter Quennell–style book: condensed biographies of three colorful, much written about women novelists and travel writers, not unlike his own mother, Rebecca West, who had *her* moment of notoriety, too. Understandably enough, this rather routine bit of potboiling began to bore him; so he tried to enliven it with some of Berne's transactional analysis. It must finally have occurred to him that, even if he seemed to prove his point that "the essence of the [novel] form is a pathology, not an esthetic," readers would revolt: If a sport like Mme de Staël is treated as typical, one can prove anything. Hence the postscript, in which he at least presents two real novelists, Lawrence and Proust, from whom he proceeds to strip their transparent masks. He does this with all the more gusto because he once greatly admired them.

Yet he can really settle nothing by proving that Proust's "commitment to the reordering and reprocessing of his past experience . . . was in fact a device for restructuring his time in such a way as to exempt him from the necessity of entering into any meaningful human relationships. . . ." Whatever Proust's motivation, conscious or unconscious, for writing it, *Remembrance of Things Past* is still a great work of art; even viewed as pathology, it can teach us more about "the intermittencies of the heart" than ten Eric Bernes or Anthony Wests laid end to end. I must admit that, like West, I take the old-fashioned or Sainte-Beuve view that there is an organic relationship between a writer's life and his work, but this is a matter of faith, not knowledge. Even if we could know everything about a writer's psyche, we should be as far as ever from being able to foretell how it would manifest itself in his art.

To defend his integrity, West now needs to write a full-length book in which he applies his theories without subterfuge to some novelist whom he still admires—Tolstoy, perhaps? Since he himself has written novels, I think he should also tell us frankly what he now believes his own motivation to have been in writing them. Did he feel that love was denied him in early life? Shaw was very frank about the lack of love in his boyhood home—yet he remained convinced of the sanity of art. □

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Books in Brief

A PRIVATE TREASON:
A GERMAN MEMOIR
By Ingrid Greenburger
Little, Brown, 308 pp., $7.95

When the tide of Nazism began to sweep Germany, Ingrid Greenburger, then a university student, chose to leave Berlin and Germany, her native land, to go into voluntary exile. The family was politically secure: They were Aryans; they were not revolutionaries. When their sons were called to arms they went, obedient to Hitler's call then as their fathers had been to the kaiser's. They were a family of anti-Nazis at heart, but of them Ingrid alone chose the hard path of living like one. She went first to Austria, and when that country was overrun by the Nazis, to France, where she became a member of the resistance.

This is an extraordinary work on several counts, the first of which is its concentration on the details of ordinary life —the life that, one knows, certainly must have gone on while members of the resistance prepared for the Allied invasion or between the times they were blowing up trains. It is the sort of life whose details are usually slighted in favor of higher adventure in memoirs of this sort. Mrs. Greenburger does not slight them but chooses, admirably, to render such things as the tedium of waiting, along with some of the more ordinary facts of life in wartime. Then there are those not-so-ordinary feelings, like the sense of imminent loss, which was upon her always; the acute sense of joy that the soul was granted to have when it was engaged in opposition to the evil Nazism was; the pleasure of putting oneself between the hunter and the hunted and succeeding, sometimes, in a rescue. It was a lonely opposition, and Mrs. Greenburger has understood the nature of its rewards: For courage of this kind was, in addition to being hard and lonely, a prime source of happiness of the sort that is not often given to men and women to have in an ordinary lifetime. The book is remarkably compelling, as much for its inquiry into the psychology of anti-Nazi behavior as for the story of the behavior itself. It is distinguished as well for its unsentimental view—from the distance of more than two-and-a-half decades—of Mrs. Greenburger's former homeland; for its clarity of mind; and for an unforgiving voice, which lingers in the mind long after the last page has been turned.

•

A CLASSICAL EDUCATION
By Robert Woods Kennedy
W. W. Norton, 203 pp., $6.50

Mr. Kennedy's novel of young love is set in the Paris of the Twenties. The eighteen-year-old protagonist, whose parents are divorced, has been taken to Paris to study architecture and to be near his mother. Mother and son have stylish, if infrequent, evenings together, and it is on one of these evenings that the latter meets and falls passionately in love with a girl his own age, a haunted creature who will not let either of them forget the differences that exist between them. The novel is offbeat, a quality that would not be at all to its disadvantage were it not also a garrulous work that dissipates much of its interesting energies in smart talk. That, it may be observed, was precisely what life seemed to be made of among young art students in the Paris of the Twenties: smart talk, evenings at Bricktop's, and a certain amount of fashionable wildness. But Mr. Kennedy has rendered surfaces mostly, and they are not the sort that tell, as surfaces sometimes can, all that one might wish to know of a time, a place, a class of people. The result is that after an interesting and literate first third, the novel is given over to glibness. What Mr. Kennedy does well is pay homage to the physical. He can render the texture and the look of things: the way a block looked in Paris or the way the lines of a dress looked to an eighteen year old who was in love with its wearer. Mr. Kennedy is an architect himself, and in his novel is that combination of strength and vacancies that can result when an eye trained in façades gets to work on human relationships.

DOROTHY RABINOWITZ

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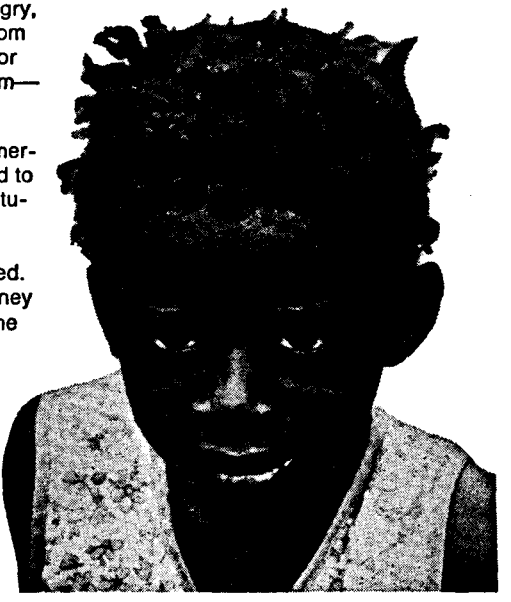

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Trade Winds

"Young" Poet

The consensus seems to be that Ted Hughes is England's most important "young" poet—he's forty-three—and as one who has attended his poetry readings, I can also say that he has an imposing presence and is a powerful reader. In January Harper & Row will bring out his *Selected Poems: 1957–1967*, with drawings by Leonard Baskin. Hughes's early work has been hard to come by in the States, and here we have a generous sixty-eight poems. The greatest ones—mostly about animals—are too long to quote here, but here's a short one I admire, called "Thistles":

Against the rubber tongues of cows and the hoeing hands of men
Thistles spike the summer air
Or crackle open under a blue-black pressure.

Every one a revengeful burst
Of resurrection, a grasped fistful
Of splintered weapons and Icelandic frost thrust up

From the underground stain of a decayed Viking.
They are like pale hair and the gutturals of dialects.
Every one manages a plume of blood.

Then they grow grey, like men.
Mown down, it is a feud. Their sons appear,
Stiff with weapons, fighting back over the same ground.

800 Million People

I've long wanted to find a short, straightforward book about China today—one that didn't fuddle me up with complicated talk about economics and political theory. And here it is, coming in late November from Rand McNally: *China Journey* by Emmett Dedmon, with sixty-three photographs, colored and plain. Yes, I like to read about China, but I wouldn't want to live there. No taxes, true; free medical care and enough to eat; but Big Brother's eye is never off you, and most of the follies I indulge in are forbidden. Mr. Dedmon, a Chicago newspaperman who mingled with the 800 million, gives us an interesting and sensible rundown. Here's what he says about promptness:

. . . The promptness was not unique to this occasion. A Chinese dinner begins on time and ends without dawdling. We learned that a 7:00 P.M. invitation means exactly that; you are to arrive at 7:00 P.M. sharp, not earlier and not later. When we gave a dinner for our Chinese hosts and interpreters at the Peking Duck restaurant, our guides made sure we were there by 6:55 P.M. Then, at seven o'clock on the dot, about sixty Chinese walked through the doorway; coming from different parts of Peking in more than two dozen cars, they had somehow managed to arrive as Chinese courtesy requires—exactly on time.

Messing About in Boats

Self-indulgence is the worst literary sin; but in Richard Bissell's case, I make an exception. His self-indulgence is fun. He's coming up shortly with a rambling reminiscence, *My Life on the Mississippi, or Why I Am Not Mark Twain* (Little, Brown). Bissell has a pilot's license and talks about how he got it and what he's done with it. There are a lot of river stories; Mark Twain takes a thumping. The technical details about riverboats come out interesting, and we learn all about the social structure of Bissell's home town, Dubuque. Here are a couple of typical Bissell paragraphs:

Mother has been listening to my brother Mycroft's funny stuff for over a half a century, and he hasn't got a laugh out of her yet. Mother says, "What are you two laughing about?" so Mycroft goes through it again for her benefit and she says, "Tell me, how are Susan and the children getting along in Harbor Springs?"

* * *

. . . I also lectured to an English class at the University of Dubuque one time and told them how to go about becoming Famous Writers. This didn't take very well because they all got married later and settled down on Grandview Avenue, except one girl who went to Chicago and got pretty high up at Marshall Field's in the chinaware department.

Durrell Bros.

Lawrence Durrell has just come out with a new collection, *Vega and Other Poems* (Overlook Press), and his brother Gerald appeared not long ago with *A Bevy of Beasts* (Simon & Schuster)—all of which reminded me that most people mispronounce the brothers' last name, accenting the second syllable. This obviously calls for some verse aid:

Two English brothers named Durrell
Write books at the drop of a purl;
One writes about beasts,
The other on feasts
In the mad Alexandrian whirl.

NOTE: Frankly, I don't know what a purl is, and "dropping a purl" sounds odd, but my authority for the fact that you can drop a purl as easily as you can drop a stitch is Hazel Perper, author of the forthcoming Dodd Mead book *The Adaptable Afghan and How to Crochet It.*

WILLIAM COLE

"What Greece needs is a good comedy!"

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Guidelines for a Kitchen Cabinet

Roundup of the Season's Cookbooks

By Miriam Ungerer

THE HUNDRED GLORIES OF FRENCH COOKING by Robert Courtine (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $15.00)

"Cooking is much more than just cooking . . . geography, history, religion, manners—all have rocked its cradle to some extent." To this, *le grinche* ("the nit-picker," as Courtine's countrymen have nicknamed him for his sharp-witted food column in *Le Monde*) exuberantly adds his vast knowledge of French cuisine, etymology of dishes, anecdotes, memories, sighs, rage, exclamations of pleasure or disgust, and some recipes.

Courtine's book is organized by menu, lavish with illustrations, hotsy-totsy paper—the works. Although only uncorrected galleys were available for review, I must point out that the errors in the recipes aren't typos. *Par example:* In the recipe for *pot-au-feu* there is listed "1 lb. boned and rolled top ribs." Ribs of what? Beef? Veal? Lamb? Then we get down to the directions and are instructed to "add the top round"—which is not on the list of ingredients.

An experienced American cook on her best day *might* be able to cook from this book. Nevertheless, to anybody who likes to read or eat, I cannot recommend too heartily *The Hundred Glories of French Cooking,* if only for the ebullient scenario of every meal.

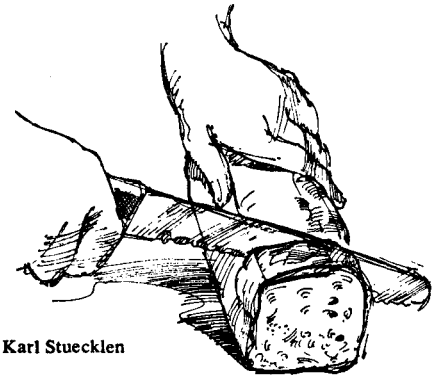
THE MEAT BOOK by David Greene and Travers Moncure Evans (Scribner's, $8.95)

I daresay there are few non-professionals who would not discover a great deal about buying, boning, and cutting (and carving) meats in this excellent book. While a lot of the material is available in government pamphlets, a lot isn't and no one up to now has put together such an unglamorous but necessary book. The hundreds of intricate illustrations are extremely well done by Dana Greene, daughter of David Greene.

Miriam Ungerer's latest book is Good Cheap Food, *published by Viking.*

THE FARMHOUSE COOKBOOK by Yvonne Tarr (Quadrangle, $9.95)

Were I rambling off to prospect in new territories (or even starting a new life in the country), I could not wish for a more complete or life-sustaining manual. Ms. Tarr tells you about compost heaps, growing your own vegetables, preserving them, and even making a root cellar. Along the way are a great many fine American recipes and some that are quite sophisticated. When Ms. Tarr undertakes Continental dishes, she doesn't gum them up with misbegotten short cuts. Her hasenpfeffer is a *real* hasenpfeffer, with the rabbit marinated for days in an earthenware crock. The author's prose is clear, unembellished, and unpretentious—not the kind of book you'd want to curl up with on a rainy night, but if you were allowed only one cookbook for survival, this would be it.



Karl Stuecklen

RECIPES FROM THE AUBERGE OF THE FLOWERING HEARTH by Roy Andries de Groot (Bobbs-Merrill, $14.95)

I can only say: Roy Andries de Groot ain't no Waverley Root. He writes with the tedium of a hack mystery writer crossbred with a travelogue scriptwriter. If you can bear the style and the condescension (de Groot allows that he considers the Brothers Troisgros "among the top half-dozen chefs of France"—as who does not?), there are some fine recipes of *haute cuisine.*

VENETIAN COOKING by H. F. Bruning, Jr., and Umberto Bullo (Macmillan, $8.95)

Brickbats to publishers who stealthily lend their own imprimatur to purely commercial puff jobs such as a Greek cookbook pushing a Greek vintner's products and a health-food cookbook boosting the grains of a mill in Deaf Smith County, Texas. Both of these "beards" were published by Macmillan, a house that partially redeems itself by having also brought to American kitchens the glories of the Venetian table in the splendid, authentic, well-researched *Venetian Cooking* by H. F. Bruning, Jr., and Umberto Bullo.

GREAT RECIPES FROM THE NEW YORK TIMES by Raymond Sokolov (Quadrangle, $9.95)

An eclectic anthology of recipes reprinted from the paper during Sokolov's tenure as food editor. Mostly complicated and exotic dishes for experienced cooks with well-padded wallets.

THE ORIGINAL FANNIE FARMER COOKBOOK by Fannie Merritt Farmer (First published in 1896; Crown, $8.95)

A facsimile of the original *Boston Cooking School Cookbook* written by America's counterpart to England's Ms. Beeton. The book is credited as the first to standardize measurements and abolish such ambiguities as "a walnut of butter" or "a dessertspoon of sugar." (Actually, Eliza Acton did this in England in 1845.) This most famous of American cookbooks, now in its twelfth edition, has been so mucked over by well-meaning relatives and editors that the original has been almost obliterated. It's a pleasure to have the real Fannie Farmer restored to us, if only for historical reasons.

BEARD ON BREAD by James Beard (Knopf, $7.95)

Although James Beard, acknowledged maestro of American cookery, has written well over a dozen books, I don't think he has ever brought to any of them as much expertise and passion as he has to his current treatise on bread. Even if there didn't already exist a renascence of home bread making, this book would cause it. *The* definitive bread book (with well-executed technical line drawings essential to the explanation of techniques) that should become a standard work.

THE SEASONAL KITCHEN by Perla Meyers (Holt, Rinehart, & Winston, $12.95)

The Austrian-born author, who runs a cooking school in New York City, has put together what may well be the best "bride's book" to come along this year. It will also be a big help to all those Wall Street people who have lost their cooks. By carefully explaining how to take advantage of food *in season,* thereby improving both your table and finances, Ms. Meyers may succeed in weaning a new generation from the "convenience foods" that are destroying regional cooking in our country. □

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Is There Really an American Cuisine?

Whatever happened to the snide comments, the grimaces, and the hopeless shrugs? Those were the familiar signals of distaste that visitors to this country used to display when commenting about food in America. All that seems to be changing now. "I visited your country last year, and I liked the food," a Portuguese lady told me, quite gratuitously, this summer. Owners of some of the highly educated palates in the world make a pilgrimage each springtime to La Louisiane, the New Orleans-style restaurant at the Orly Hilton. The attraction? Soft-shell crabs, flown in from Maryland, and slices of what one headwaiter called *"peck-in"* (pecan) pie. American hotels abroad have scored with such daring ventures as Le Western in the Paris Hilton, where the menu tempts the French with double spareribs, spit-roasted prairie rabbit, charcoal-broiled and branded "cowboy cuts" of Texas beef, deep-dish apple pie with cheddar cheese, brownies with vanilla ice cream, and Texas bourbon cake.

Europe is eating corn on the cob instead of throwing it to the pigs, and Tokyo's best hotels are serving cheese blintzes and Texas buckwheat pancakes to Oriental as well as American guests. Could we really have established an American way of eating? Louis Szathmary, the cookbook author who owns Chicago's celebrated restaurant The Bakery, suggests that America's kitchen is kinetic. It has been on the move since New Englanders gave up the farm and went west. When American families are transferred to other parts of the country, recipe swapping is a ritual, whereas French women, deep in culinary tradition, have little reason to be inventive.

No less an authoritative observer than Count Ghislain de Voguë, head of France's prestigious firm of Moët et Chandon, producers of some of the world's greatest champagnes, has another theory. "First you had to build a nation," he said recently. "Then you had to show your power. Now at last you are learning how to live." To back up the theory, the count has had his company buy California real estate, on which he will begin to grow grapes and produce Moët et Chandon champagne for the American market. All these seem signs that America is at last at home on the range. SR/W has asked writers and connoisseurs in selected parts of the nation to expound, sagely, if briefly, on the contributions that regional kitchens have made to what is emerging—let Georges Auguste Escoffier rest in peace—as *la cuisine Américaine*.

H.S.

Culver Pictures

New England

It was in New England that the main tradition of American cooking got its start. Here the pilgrims learned how to adapt their Old World methods to new and strange foods like the wild turkey, corn, beans and codfish, cranberries and pumpkins. What they couldn't adapt they invented. For by heritage the American cook is far more creative in the kitchen than her French, Italian, or German counterpart.

The early foods that were developed on the primitive pilgrim hearth became a definite part of the New England cuisine. Many are served today in private homes and in country inns and taverns. But in the beginning the early pilgrims had difficult times. They might not have made it through the first bitter winter if it had not been for the friendly American Indians, who were the greatest influence of all.

The basic genesis comprised three native crops—corn, beans, and squash—which anthropologists call the Indian triad. The knowledge of these crops, which the New England Indian passed on to the pilgrims, represented thousands of years of experiments acquired by cultural diffusion from the center of Indian civilization in faraway Mexico. There the pre-Columbian Indians had discovered, developed, and cultivated such foods as tomatoes, potatoes, peppers, corn, and vanilla and cocoa beans.

From a wild grass (*Euchlaena mexicana*), the Mexican Indians had developed maize (*Zea mays*), giving the world one of its most valuable crops and finest foods. Fortunately corn was acceptable to the New England climate, for the wheat and peas brought from old England were not successful.

The New England Indians not only showed the pilgrims how to plant corn, fish, farm, and find what was edible, but they also taught them how to cook it. They demonstrated ways to steam clams, lobsters, and fish on the beach in heated

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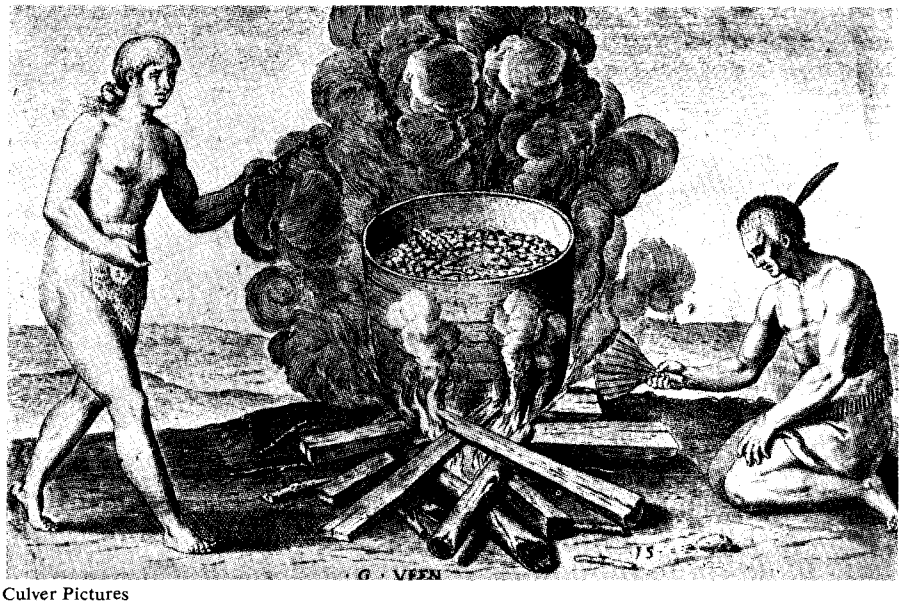

Culver Pictures

Indians cooking corn—From these origins came grits, corn bread, and mush.

rocks and seaweed; to cook several kinds of beans in one pot without meat for succotash; to bake beans in a bean hole in the ground; to pick fresh corn and boil it before the sugar turned to starch and to eat it right off the cob.

The early housewife adapted such techniques and methods that proved practical and invented several ways of cooking of her own. The problem of baking bread on an open fire, for example, was solved in several ingenious ways. Although bread has been made on open fires for centuries, New Englanders came up with new methods. They put the soft dough into a tin or cloth and suspended it over boiling water. They went further: Instead of the traditional flour, water, and salt dough, they made bread a nutritious food by adding egg, molasses, corn meal, and raisins. The result was corn bread and traditional brown bread, served with Boston baked beans.

The soil and the sea were important factors in developing characteristic cookery in New England, and the early settlers soon learned to use the indigenous, tart cranberry; syrup from the maple trees; blueberries; and the abundant sea food, especially fresh and salted cod. The early dishes are well known today. It's a tossup whether New England cooking spread the fame of Thanksgiving or whether the holiday made the culinary dishes famous.

Only a mention of such traditional foods as New England boiled dinner, clambakes, chowders, fish cakes, buckwheat cakes, flapjacks, Indian pudding, johnnycake, baked beans, brown bread, mince and pumpkin pie, and blueberry slump or grunt produces a wave of nostalgia from anyone who has ever spent a summer or a weekend in the area.

Old-time New Englanders were also great pie makers and pickle makers. In this case climate was the mother of invention. They often would bake as many as 100 pies at a time, freezing them in the snow and stacking them for later use.

This is perhaps what is most American about the American cuisine—the inventiveness born of necessity. The settlers not only devised cooking techniques but the utensils in which to cook food and the methods of keeping it for later use. This creativity continued and spread as many New Englanders left their farms and traveled West, taking along their recipes and kitchen garden seeds. Americans still follow this custom. As a husband gets transferred from Boston to Houston, wives swap their favorite recipes with the neighbors next door, who may have moved from Kansas City or from California.

PHYLLIS HANES

The South

Southern cuisine is a blending of food habits of many people—English, Scots-Irish, Spanish, Negro, and Indian. Necessity itself has melded these several cuisines over the years into a cooking style and form identifiably Southern. The adaptation of species of vegetables, herbs, and spices found only in the South gave those dishes from many countries their regional flavor.

Corn was perhaps the one food that altered the diets of Southern settlers. It is still prominent in the Southern kitchen three centuries later.

Grits is the mainstay of the Southern breakfast, and corn breads of some form are served in most homes every day. Before new lands were opened up and before the growing of wheat, corn had to substitute as both a bread staple and a vegetable. Hence the dependence on this food for corn bread dressing, corn dumplings for the native and cultivated greens, and corn pudding. It is even an ingredient in the popular Southern chess pie!

Besides providing food for the table, corn was used to fatten livestock. The hog was quickly and easily raised and became a favorite meat. For many years, when a Southerner spoke of "meat," he meant pork. Fat back or hog jowls are used to flavor many vegetables, and few households will let New Year's Day pass without serving black-eyed peas and hog jowls for good luck. The rind from the fat meat is cooked down to furnish cracklings for yet another favorite corn bread.

Since all of the pork could not be eaten fresh and did not lend itself to drying, as did venison and beef from some of the scattered herds, a method of salt curing was developed, which gave us the country hams typical of the Southern region.

With the introduction of tobacco and cotton as money crops, new settlers built large plantations, and diversified the crops. Cane was one of these crops, and molasses became the sweetener to add to the native honey gathered from the woods. Molasses is still the special ingredient in pecan pies, pound cakes, ginger cookies, and many other Southern dessert favorites.

The South is famous for its stews. No doubt the origin of each stew depended on the meats and vegetables available in the area. Both Virginia and Georgia claim the origin of Brunswick stew, the basis of which was originally squirrel, if the hunter happened to have luck on his hunting expedition; a rabbit or two might have been substituted. Today's homemakers make the same stew with beef, pork, or lamb, using essentially the same seasonings, vegetables, and favorite spices. Another noted Southern stew is Kentucky Burgoo. It took many trials and errors to cut down the original recipe for family-sized servings. The original measures call for enough to serve 500.

The Germans brought to the South the recipe for Indian pudding, which uses both corn meal and molasses. Plum pud-

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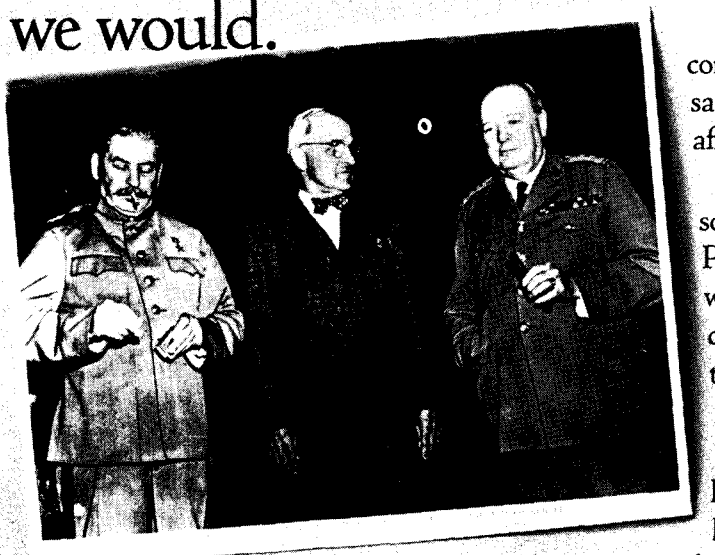
For 28 years people have been advising us to brag because our scotch was the only whisky served at the Potsdam Conference.

If it hadn't been the only whisky available we would.



We can't say that Potsdam was one of our favourite conferences. A good bit of what is wrong with the world now seems to have been set in motion there. Nevertheless, with the likes of Churchill, Truman, and Stalin present, we wouldn't have been above bragging that King's Ransom was there, too.

King's Ransom has been chosen with gratifying regularity by heads of governments, both in power and in exile, and we have never been such snobs as to turn away their trade simply because we disapproved of their policies.

What rankles about Potsdam is the way it was thrown together with absolute unconcern for appropriate supplies of food and drink. Considering what havoc might have been wrought had a person like Stalin come down with dyspepsia, it seems a wonder the world isn't in sadder shape than it is. Fortunately, some unsung hero had stocked Eisenhower's commissary at Babelsburg with fairly civilized comestibles and it was his SHAEF commissary which was commandeered to cater the affair at the last minute.

That was how our King's Ransom scotch whisky happened to be present at Potsdam. We can hardly brag about what was merely a twist of fate! We speculate, of course, whether things might not have turned worse were it not for our mellowing influence. We will, of course, never be sure.

As you may have divined, King's Ransom (the very whisky which, for all we know, blunted the more intemperate plans of the Potsdam conferees) is still doing business at the same old stand. Every drop is twelve years old and the price is still steep enough to bring tears to your eyes. No longer the world's most expensive whisky, King's Ransom is now merely one of the most expensive. It is, however, still King's Ransom and, hence, quite probably the best. Our hope is that you will try it.

We must mention, however, before you discover a taste for it, that not even we are self-indulgent enough to drink King's Ransom every day. Weekdays we drink our eight-year-old whisky. The name of that is House of Lords, and we lavish the same love on it and blend it of the same pedigreed stock. (If those fellows at SHAEF back in '45 had been spending their own money, instead of Uncle Sam's, you can bet they'd have been drinking House of Lords at Potsdam instead of the other.)

William Whiteley & Co.

Qui Uti Scit Ei Bona

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dings from England went through many changes and adaptations, but they still remain popular, as do fruit cobblers.

Lane cake, the origin of which has long been in question, is always a favorite for Christmas. The filling of fruits and pecans, which are grown so plentifully in the South, also may have a touch of bourbon or homemade grape juice.

The English and Scots-Irish used shellfish in abundance, and many sea-food dishes—such as shrimp mull from the Carolinas, oyster stew and fried oysters from all seacoast states, and roasted oysters from Georgia and the Carolinas—have become popular fare.

Hot biscuits came into favor with the introduction of wheat flour, and many Southerners do not feel they have had breakfast unless they have been served hot biscuits, butter, and homemade jam or preserves.

Maryland and Kentucky especially favored beaten biscuits. Almost a lost art now, the making of beaten biscuits has been revived by many young Southerners proud of their heritage. Beaten biscuits and slivers of country ham appear on many Christmas tables, along with Charleston's Kiss cakes, rich pound cakes, or pecan-filled fruitcakes, and a large bowl of thick and creamy eggnog, all made from "receipts" from grandma's cookbooks.

Southern food is not pretentious; it is substantial rather than elegant. But food is the symbol of hospitality in the South; and when friendliness is shared, the plainest food takes on the feeling of sophistication. LENA STURGES

Southern Louisiana

When the first ladies of good character —wives of the settlers and the dowered "casket girls" looking for husbands— arrived in rough New Orleans, they were horrified to find few of the foods they had learned to prepare so lovingly in France. There were as yet no plump chickens or suckling pigs to roast. The rare cattle had to be saved for breeding. And the sea food, though plentiful, seemed peculiar and barbaric to them. The legend is that, sulky and rebellious, the ladies threatened to sail right back home.

Luckily for the men of pioneer Louisiana, the day was saved by the governor's old cook. She had been in New Orleans since its founding and, stalwart housewife that she was, had taught herself to make do. Through the years she had learned to use whatever game the trappers brought in from the swamps. She had studied the herbs and cooking methods of the Indians. And she had experimented with the crabs, oysters, crawfish, and exotic sea food from the bayous and the Gulf. So, inviting the homesick ladies to bring their own iron pots and wooden spoons to her kitchen, she held the New World's first series of cooking classes.

Although scholarly doubts have been cast on this legend, still it stands to illustrate what makes southern Louisiana cooking so unusual and so good. This great regional cuisine is certainly based on classical French methods. For instance, redfish "coubouillon" is simply a native fish simmered in a court bouillon variation of those reverently prepared by the chefs of Louis XV.

Yet much more than mere local flavor has been added to the Louisiana cuisine. Think of it as a kind of stew combining native foods of the Indians with spices obtained from trade with the West Indies and employing the skills of Spaniards, Africans, French Acadians exiled from Canada, and Americans, too.

Take gumbo, for instance. It started out, probably, as the nearest approximation pioneer housewives could make to a bouillabaisse—without the *rascasse* and other Mediterranean fish to which they were accustomed. They used, instead, the native shellfish. Then from the Spanish paella, they picked up the idea of combining sea food and fowl. Venison, duck, squirrel, or anything else their husbands brought home could be thrown into their black iron pots. As many different materials as might be used, and as many different cooks as there were to prepare them, so now there exist that many recipes for gumbo.

Its very name, or the derivation of it, is a matter of controversy. There are two major types of gumbo, depending on the thickening used. Some cooks swear by okra, called *kingombo* by the Bantus of Africa. But just as many use *filé*, which is powdered sassafras leaves, called *gombo ashish* by the Indians. To add to the confusion, many gumbos call for no added thickening agent at all. For example, the *gumbo z'herbes* (*des herbes*), which is served for luck on Good Friday, gets its body from seven Louisiana greens.

So all that can be said definitely about gumbo is that it's a thick, spicy soup. It's based on a *roux*, a slowly browned mix-

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ture of flour and lard or oil, with which most Cajun and Creole recipes begin. And it's cooked by a Louisianian. This last qualification seems to be the most important, because it just doesn't taste like gumbo if anybody else tries to make it.

In fact, this is true about all Louisiana cooking. No other region in the country takes its cuisine so much for granted. Here you can drop into wayside cafés or truck stops and find a mama-papa kitchen serving memorable meals. Here the good and great restaurants manage to maintain a tradition of excellence through several generations. Here, too, the chefs and the housewives are lavish with their recipes. They know that unless you've learned at your mother's knee such secrets as how to make a *roux*, you offer no competition.

LECLARE RATTERREE

The Midwest

Midwestern cookery is built around beef, pork, sausages of all kinds, poultry, eggs, cheese, corn, beans, and apples. Fish and sea food are enjoyed, but mainly in restaurants, with the exception of oyster stew, baked lake trout and whitefish, and cocktail-party shrimp.

Roast loin of pork, stuffed pork chops, and barbecued or sweet-sour baby back ribs are popular dinner meats, as is full-flavored hammy ham, now preferred to the watery-pink kind we often find in the market. Blueberry pie, made from Michigan's huge, sweet berries, or lemon pie may be the dessert.

Throughout the Midwest corn is roasted or grilled, boiled or steamed, and eaten on the cob, but it also goes from can into pudding, soup, or fritter, and from package to corn bread or muffins. Every home is supplied with popcorn. Dried beans make wonderful soups and bean pots. Midwesterners often mix three or four varieties of beans in a salad or casserole.

Platters of assorted cheeses and sausages with beer and rye bread are everybody's favorite lunch or supper in Wisconsin, where every road leads to a small cheese factory or sausage plant, or sometimes both. Europe's great sausage dishes, such as *choucroute garnie* and *cassoulet*, have their own simpler interpretations in Wisconsin. Cheese appears before, during, and after meals, as dip, topping, *soufflé*, or dessert with fruit.

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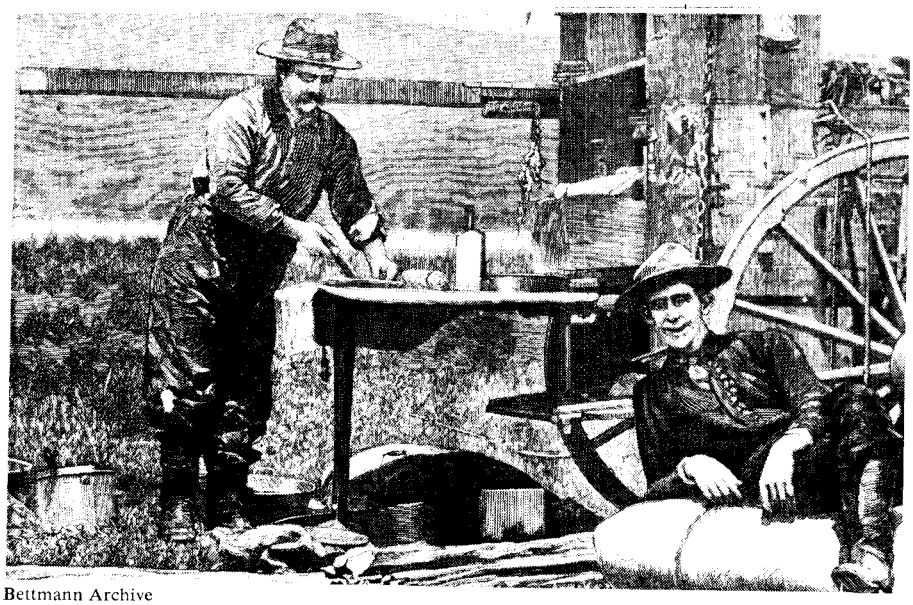
bread stuffing and are served with giblet or mushroom gravy, sometimes flavored with white wine or sherry. Wisconsin-grown ducks are roasted with wild-rice stuffing and served with a fruited sauce. Wild rice cooked in chicken broth is also the favorite stuffing for wild ducks, pheasants, and other game birds and usually accompanies a roast of venison. Because it is expensive, it is often mixed with brown or regular rice.

RUTH ELLEN CHURCH



Bettmann Archive

Chuck-wagon cuisine—Tex-Mex foods, wild salad greens, and barbecue smoke.

Texas

Cuisine is a somewhat pretentious word when used to describe the foods of Texas. If you ask a native Texan what the cuisine is, you will get a capsule history of Texas Under Six Flags.

A mixture of ethnic influences—Spanish, French, Mexican, and German—as well as the heritage of gracious living associated with the Old South and the hardiness of the frontier, has produced dishes that are pure Texan.

Twenty-five ethnic groups were represented in this year's annual Folklife Festival at the Institute of Texan Cultures in San Antonio, with foods ranging from Indian fry bread to sweet-potato pie.

In almost every area of the state you will find some version of Mexican food, barbecue, chili, and sausage. West Texas brags about barbecued beef, venison, beans, and sourdough biscuits from the days of the cattle barons and their ranch cooks. East Texas, where the Old South dies hard, does chicken and dumplings, corn bread and biscuits, mustard greens, fried catfish, homemade ice cream, ribbon cane syrup, and pecan pie. The east Texas Christmas spread still includes Southern-style roast turkey with corn bread stuffing (it will always be "dressing" to the east Texan), coconut cake, and hot yeast rolls.

Along the Gulf Coast, Texans, newcomers, and tourists alike savor the fresh coastal fish and sea food—red snapper, flounder, Gulf trout, redfish (drum), oysters, crab, and shrimp. Fish used to be fried, but now restaurants also bake, poach, or broil it; often fish is elegantly served *à la Marguery, Véronique,* or *Florentine.*

From Beaumont and Port Arthur through the bayou country of Houston and east Texas, the kitchen comes under the French influence that shows in Acadian (Cajun) dishes. Restaurant menus suggest such Louisiana-style rice dishes as shrimp Creole, jambalaya (a mixture of meats, tomatoes, and seasonings), gumbo and rice dressing (often listed as "dirty rice" because of the brownish coloring of the chicken liver–gizzard–ground beef mixture).

The Rio Grande Valley along the Mexican border, Eagle Pass, Laredo, El Paso, San Antonio, and Austin are among the capitals of Texanized Mexican food. Classic dishes of the Mexican interior are scarce because Texans dote on Tex-Mex foods—chili (purists cook the beans separately and add chopped onion before serving), refried beans, tacos (crisp *tortilla* shells filled with chopped beef, lettuce, and tomatoes), *enchiladas* (soft stuffed *tortillas* with a sauce of green chilies, tomatoes, onions, and cheese), *huevos rancheros* (eggs with a fiery tomato-pepper-onion sauce), *arroz con pollo* (chicken with rice), and *cabrito* (barbecued baby goat).

Sausage reaches its zenith in central Texas in the German settlements of New Braunfels, Schulenburg, Fredericksburg, and Chappell Hill. The recipes are a heritage from the Germans who followed Prince Carl of Solms-Braunfels to establish the settlement at New Braunfels in the 1800s.

ANN CRISWELL

The West

The missionary fathers who came to California from Spain and built a string of missions, each a day's travel away from the next, brought with them grape cuttings, vegetable seeds, and fruit-tree seedlings, which they planted near the missions and whose fruits they combined to begin the California cuisine. They also brought cattle—range cattle, to be sure, but nonetheless a source of beef, a food hitherto unknown in this part of the country. In the early days cattle were raised for hides and tallow, their meat being somewhat tough and stringy, suitable for long, slow cooking in stews.

The western predilection for salads—especially those of mixed greens—is a source of some wonder to visitors to the area. It has been speculated that our custom of serving the salad before the entree dates back to the days when the covered-wagon emigrants first saw the lush meadows of the Far West and rushed to pick wild salad greens, for which they were starved. Many of the women saved a few precious seeds. Lettuces grew with profligate abandon in the rich western soil. Today, every market, no matter how small, always has a selection of four or more varieties of salad greens—every day of every month. The western appetite for salad is so great that restaurant breakfasts still include a token serving of tomato and lettuce.

Before the discovery of gold at Sutter's Mill in 1848, which really opened the West, the settlers from San Diego to Monterey lived on beef, vegetables, and, occasionally, chicken, plus the game of the country. But when the gold seekers poured into California, they brought with them doctors, lawyers, teachers, preachers, soldiers, and—most important to the foundation of regional cuisine—farmers. Many tillers of the soil, who found no gold, realized that a fortune was to be made feeding the newly rich.

By the early 1850s the reputation of San Francisco as a city of fine eating was well established. Within a few years the tycoons were importing skilled chefs from France to cater to newly educated palates. (Garden snails, the plague of western gardeners, are said to be the descendants of those brought from France to please the palates of those early-day nabobs.) These experts transformed the

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local provender into dishes with a genuine western flavor but with overtones of European expertise. Italian cooks also influenced the available foodstuffs and added their culinary touches. Italian and Portuguese fishermen in the West long ago created their own fish stew, called *cioppino*, a dish that can be made from whatever sea food is available. When the transcontinental railroad was completed in 1869, thousands of Chinese laborers were set adrift, and many of them turned to cooking. Many of those eating places still survive, operated now by third- and fourth-generation Chinese-Americans.

In the Southwest the cooking of Mexico and Spain developed into what experts call "border style" food. During the gold and silver boom in Virginia City, Nevada, that city boasted the largest tamale factory in the West. (Much later, the American craze for pizzas got its start in the West, fostered by Neapolitans who found the sourdough perfect for that specialty.)

The western kitchen has emerged as an amalgam of the cooking of the gold regions and that of the Spanish South, plus an overlay of the New England food traditions from the Northwest, where Down Easters had been the pioneers. As the ubiquitous cod of eastern waters does not exist in the area, salmon was substituted; for bluepoint and Chincoteague oysters, western waters provided the tiny bay and Olympia oysters.

Hundreds of skilled chefs have since created what are now called "classic" dishes using local western products—green-goddess dressing; Louis dressing for shellfish; Palace Court salad (from San Francisco's Palace Hotel); ginger oysters; sliced, sautéed asparagus; and fruit in dozens of styles.

The American preoccupation with the barbecue stems from the West, where we cook alfresco almost any time of the year. Smoke from barbecue fires was seriously considered to be a major contributor to smog not long ago. Culinary innovations have found their way into the body of western cuisine.

PHILIP S. BROWN

Phyllis Hanes, Lena Sturges, and Ann Criswell edit the food departments of, respectively, The Christian Science Monitor, Southern Living Magazine, *and the* Houston Chronicle. *Ruth Ellen Church edits both food and wine for* The Chicago Tribune. *An amateur chef, Leclare Ratterree is still a student of Louisiana cuisine after eighteen years in Louisiana. Philip S. Brown, a California resident for forty years, lectures and writes on regional gastronomy of the West.*

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Beard and bread—Lessons in Oregon, memories of Cyrano.

Dan Wynn

Claiborne (right) with Franey—The foie gras of food.

The Food Fraternity

By Horace Sutton

It was Eve, with Adam's cooperation, who discovered both of man's primary sensual pleasures, virtually at the same time. In the evolution that followed, Europe and the Orient developed sophisticated cultures embracing both sensualities. But the settlers who came to the New World were too busy with basic needs to bother about the niceties. In America, food initially was a matter of survival; later it was little more than a function.

It wasn't until the end of World War II, says James Beard, the doyen of America's burgeoning food fraternity, "that Americans began to think of eating as a pleasurable thing, a sensual delight." With enough credentials to be a social historian on culinary matters (as well as a pre-eminent gastronome), Beard, like many writers on food, thinks the revolution began with the return of the armed forces, whose members, he says, "had been all over the world and had tasted the real thing." Soon all America was traveling—3½ million a year to Europe, 350,000 to the far Pacific and the Orient. They had tasted the real thing, too, and like the Romans, who had brought back culinary ideas from their adventures in Greece, the kitchen cook in America, hired or housewife, was encouraged to embark on new cooking experiments at home. Restaurateurs were encouraged to forsake steak and potatoes for heavy forays into the world of snails and highfalutin sauces.

The public fascination with this new pleasure created a food fraternity that not only served it and pandered to its needs but also coached it, tutored it, and led it on explorations into gastronomic lands that only the experts and a small circle of native practicing gourmets had hitherto charted. The food fraternity has become a vast craft that includes wine and food editors (every newspaper has to have one), restaurant critics, food ferrets (who uncover hard-to-find comestibles in hard-to-find markets), underground gourmets (who uncover little-known, inexpensive restaurants), cookbook assemblers (see the new season's offerings on page 40), newsletter writers, syndicated columnists, food and restaurant consultants, cutesy-pie radio commentators, and TV personalities ranging from the no-nonsense performance of Julia Child (who made the cover of *Time*), to the antic pots-and-pans juggling of the Galloping Gourmet. No less a communications empire than the Columbia Broadcasting System has sponsored a slick new magazine called *Epicure,* filled with coated-stock color pages and glossy layouts emblazoned with discourses on such trend-setting events as "The Big Nostalgic Cocktail Revival," and "How to Have a Five-Course Flaming Dinner," presumably without setting the whole house on fire.

In many ways the rush to the range, while it has not replaced sex in America, has all but shadowed the preoccupation with fashion. Having developed its own personalities and its own audience, the food fraternity has stolen some of the glitter that once surrounded that other inbred and sharpnail breed, the arbiters of *haute couture.* The members of the food fraternity watch each other with eagle-eye acuity, talons at the ready. Like a historian recalling the great wars of history, they can recite the details of the famed outbreak of hostilities between Craig Claiborne of *The New York Times* and the late Michael Field, or the coffeecake war between Sara Lee (Consolidated Foods) and Stouffer's (Nestlé's). And they watch, like chicken

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Dan Wynn

Greene with winesman Alexis Bespaloff—A Velveeta cocoon.

Dan Wynn

Child in the operating room—The Smith College way.

hawks surveying the pickings in a barnyard, the state of food writing in *The New York Times* since Claiborne left two-and-a-half years ago.

A mild, sunny, cherubic importation from Sunflower, Mississippi, Claiborne joined the *Times* in 1957 and singlehandedly invented honest restaurant criticism. His newspaper, in this category, allowed him full rein, without fear of bruising the advertiser, a new concept in itself, which is not yet, sixteen years later, in full acceptance across the country. Says Gael Greene, who writes tart and highly readable food features for *New York* magazine, "Craig set a standard: Pay your own way, go at least three times, and don't go the first month the restaurant is open."

When Claiborne arrived, few people reporting on food for the *Times* could equal his training. "I had been to school in Europe, and I knew all the sauces," he says now. At the time, Clementine Paddleford was writing on food for the *New York Herald Tribune,* and Robert Dana was contributing a mild, patty-cake column on restaurants for the *New York World-Telegram.* "Clem knew not one thing about food," Claiborne recalls now. "She would sample a dish and ask the chef what was in it. If you pander to the chef, you can't be objective in what you say. I knew all the sauces, and I could make all the dishes I was eating. I was also writing for a paper detached enough to permit me to criticize potential customers."

Paddleford herself used to say that if Claiborne was the *foie gras* of food writing, she was the liverwurst. Claiborne could criticize a headwaiter, as he once did, for walking around with a pencil sticking out of the breast pocket of his tuxedo. But, as Beard has said, "Craig could turn a phrase so that it was something that was fun." During his tenure on the *Times*, Claiborne feels he made people "more aware of what was on their plate." When Chinese food captured his curiosity, he took lessons in the art of its preparation and traveled to Hong Kong to sample the cuisine at its source.

Foreign correspondents stationed out there at the time used to say that Claiborne would assemble several Chinese dishes, nibble a bite, ask what it was, and then scribble furiously in his notebook. Whether that tale is apocryphal or not, Claiborne eventually gave Chinese food in New York a new stature. When he awarded four stars, the paper's highest rating, to New York's Shun Lee Dynasty, the Chinese community was inspired to bring in the exotic chefs of Szechuan and Hunan, now the current rage in Gotham. The Chinese Restaurant Association gave him a banquet and a round trip to China, an offer he has been unable to accept. He can't get a visa.

Eventually Craig grew weary of New York restaurants ("the dreadful sauciness of most of them is pretty much of a bore"), and with the successful *New York Times Cookbook* bringing him a tidy annuity, Claiborne quit the paper. He retired to his house in Easthampton, Long Island, where he cooks with his friend, Pierre Franey, once the chef of Le Pavillon, and writes a newsletter on food ($36 a year for twenty-four issues if you're a charter subscriber, $50 if you're a latecomer). He has started a syndicated column that is sure to compete with that of his friend Jim Beard; he has signed on as a food consultant to the *American Express* magazine; and he is free to sail off, as he did this month, on the sellout gourmet cruise of the S.S. *France*, where, with a gaggle of wine experts, a *maître fromager,* and other experts, he lectured and gave demonstrations.

CLAIBORNE's freewheeling stance while he was on the *Times* established a standard for food-and-restaurant reporting and inspired other newspapers. William Rice on *The Washington Post* and such small voices as Maryetta Devereaux on the *Portland Oregonian* get good marks from the potentates of the food fraternity.

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Beard feels, however, that the new desire to speak out freely can get out of hand. "I sometimes think Jack Shelton in San Francisco (who writes a newsletter) enjoys being destructive," he says. "Gael Greene is hard but a delight to read." Oddly enough, *The New York Times*, the pioneer in the field, has not been able to find a substitute with training and style to replace Claiborne. Raymond Sokolov lasted two years, but the establishment thought he was not sure of himself. His successor, John Hess, wrote brilliantly from Paris, but thrust into the prestigious, fishbowl food berth in New York, he is, in the words of one senior member of the fraternity, "in a puddle he doesn't know how to swim out of." His columns on such varied subjects as finding edible wild roots in New York and farming Chinese vegetables in New Jersey are offbeat and interesting, but there are those who claim that he is too conditioned to France and to French restaurants to defend American fare properly. Hess is accused of being influenced by his wife, who in the words of one food authority, "thinks she knows everything about cooking. She argues when she is not on her own ground, and she has a thing about sugar. She accuses everybody of putting sugar in everything."

Beard believes Elizabeth David, Britain's foremost food authority—to whom he dedicated his book on bread—to be one of the world's greatest food writers. Gault and Millau, the French critics who parlayed one guidebook (*Guide Julliard*) into a journalistic food empire, in Beard's view, "too often . . . go ass over teakettle over something." They have, in the words of French-wine journalist George Prade, incurred the jealousy of Robert Courtine of *Le Monde*, who is decried on this side of the Atlantic for his enormous ego. He was the central figure in the classic flap of a few years ago when Time-Life Books published a handsome volume on the cuisine of France. The raw translation was given to Courtine, who read it and added his comments, frequently acerbic, in the margins. Somehow the marginal commentary was set in type and appeared in the first printing. The book is now a collector's item, and Courtine remains less than revered.

In the American fraternity, no one has less than a kind word for Jim Beard, who is prolific and versatile. He has just produced his sixteenth book, *Beard On Bread*, published by Knopf, whose cookbook editor, Judith Jones, is considered the archdeaconess of her trade. An actor who appeared with Walter Hampden in *Cyrano de Bergerac*, Beard didn't embark on a cooking career until he was thirty-five. In the thirty-five years since then—he is a tall, bald, rotund, and lively seventy years old—Beard has consulted for Pillsbury, Green Giant, Nestlé's, Corning Glass, and, when it was under the imaginative leadership of Joseph Baum, for Restaurant Associates.

Beard opened one of the first cooking schools in New York eighteen years ago (there are now more than a hundred), and he still teaches twelve weeks a year, three nights a week, in New York, as well as another four weeks in summer in Oregon, his home state. He charges $200 a week for six once-a-week lessons in New York and $200 for five lessons on the West Coast. Even at that price, matriculants in the Oregon course come from the East Coast.

LIKE BEARD and Claiborne, Julia Child, who has brought good cooking right into the living room, is a food person first and a writer second. The manuscript for her first book, which she wrote with her French associate, Simone Beck, had already been turned down by Houghton Mifflin when it arrived on Judith Jones's desk at Knopf twelve years ago. "She was just a big Smith College girl who had gotten together with good French teachers. She had that practical Smith College way of learning something, and *Mastering the Art of French Cooking, Volume One,* proved a revolutionary book," Ms. Jones recalls. It led eventually to *Volume Two,* but by the time *that* appeared Julia Child was a national personality on television, and the big-circulation magazines, who seek out trendy personalities with the avidity of a Mountie on a manhunt through the Canadian outback, had induced her to write for them.

Beard, Claiborne, Child—perhaps one ought to add Mimi Sheraton, who writes for magazines on all aspects of food, from gardens to factories—are food people first. They write with knowledge, and at times with style, on their area of expertise, but they are in a mold apart from the littérateurs—graceful craftsmen who sometimes write on food, eating, dining, and drinking as well as other subjects that find their interest. Among them one would list Durrell, Joseph Wechsberg, and M. F. K. Fisher. Mimi Sheraton counts the late A. J. Liebling of *The New Yorker* as one of the finest writers on food the country has produced. But

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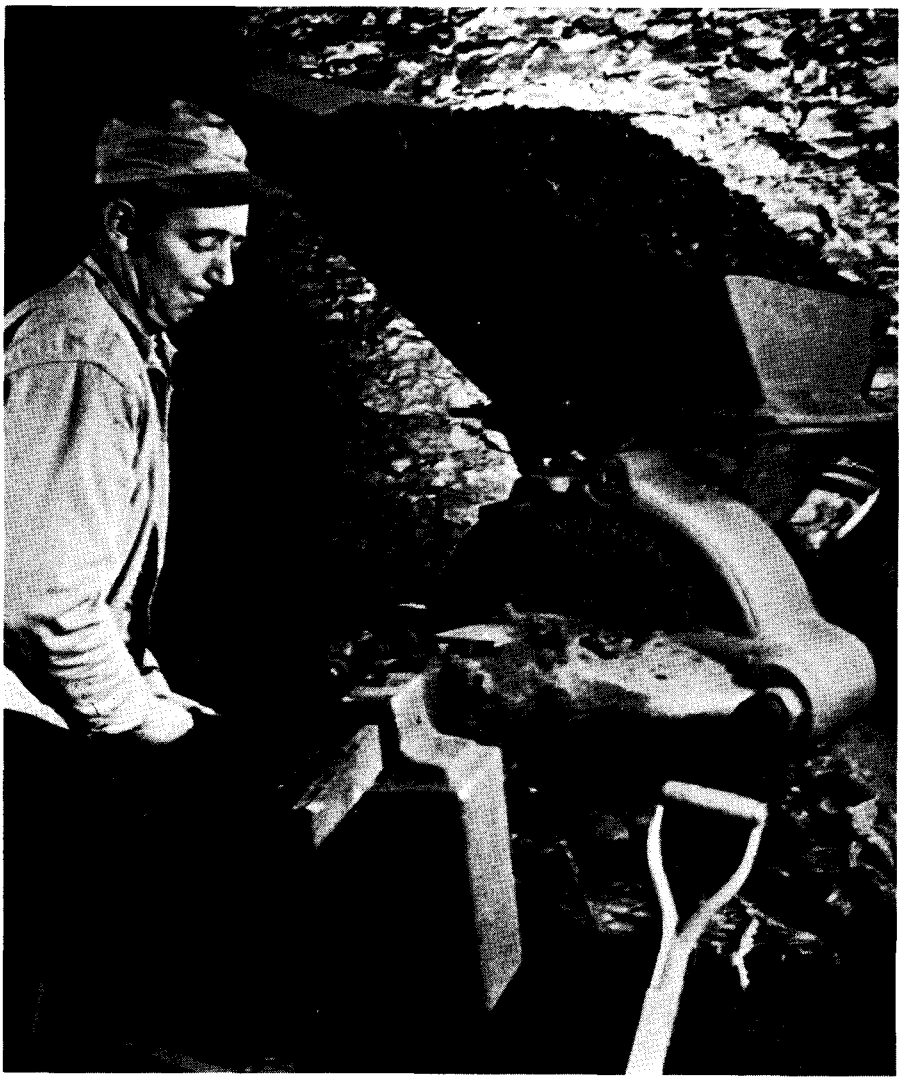
Liebling was also one of the most memorable writers on boxing and turned his talents to many other topics.

GAEL GREENE, who made a recent and splashy reputation as the restaurant critic of *New York* magazine, is really an investigative reporter who wrote articles exposing the lifetime contracts proffered by dance studios and the claims by reducing salons that they could take off weight by hypnosis. Her mother is not a good cook, and she was, she says, brought up in a Velveeta cocoon. Clay Felker, editor and publisher of *New York*, likes to say that "Gael never had a hot meal until we gave her the restaurant job." However glib that sally, the truth is she discovered food and France in a post-college trip and then returned home to take cooking lessons with the late Dione Lucas. Too timid to enter Henri Soulé's Le Pavillon, then New York's most prestigious restaurant —as she was later to write, "too untitled, un-Best-Dressed, un-Dun-and-Bradstreeted" to get anything but a table at Soulé's Siberia—she decided to approach the great man through her typewriter. She proposed to write a story entitled "A Week in the Kitchen of the Pavillon," to be published in *Ladies' Home Journal*. Somewhat to her surprise, Soulé, then the curmudgeon and grand exalted Pooh-Bah of cuisine in America, accepted, and they became good friends. Now, taking notes in a fast, left-handed scribble, she sends rapiers through the boiled shirts of supercilious headwaiters, lashes out frankly against anemic coffee, gray and grisly prime ribs, bland bouillabaisse, soggy, lukewarm potato slices, and other indignities of the table.

Despite her success in culinary matters, Gael Greene is wandering in other pastures. Her original intention was to be a novelist, and now she is, indeed, writing a fictional work for Morrow. It is an erotic novel about a woman who is a screenwriter. The first time the story's heroine and her lover register in a hotel, they sign in as Mr. and Mrs. Craig Claiborne. In the first fifty-two pages they have three meals in bed. After all, says Gael Greene, embryo author, "I think food and sex are completely interwoven anthropologically. They are the two great sensual experiences we have. As far as I'm concerned, I don't mind now and then if one interferes with the other." In Eden, where it all began, Adam, Eve, and the serpent all would have understood. □



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There was a time when the trappings of sovereignty were simple: flag, anthem, and set of postage stamps would do. Newly emerging nations and, indeed, some long-established ones must now equip themselves with such requisites as delegations to the United Nations, national airlines, exit taxes, and libations they can call their own. Mexico created Kahlúa, and Jamaica distilled its Blue Mountain coffee to make Tia Maria. Scotland fabricated a liqueur out of Scotch whisky and called it Drambuie. Dublin answered with Irish Mist. For a global guide to unfamiliar bottles, consult the chart below.

Name	Country	Flavor	How to Find It on the Shelf
Vandermint	Holland	Chocolate mint	White-and-blue, ersatz Delft bottle with Dutch windmill scenes; tulip-shaped top.
Cheri-Suisse	Switzerland	Cherry chocolate	Opaque bottle in red-and-white Swiss colors; drawing of chalet and trees in gold; cap shaped like the Matterhorn. Everything's there but yodel.
Sabra	Israel	Orange chocolate	Two versions: 1. bulbous bottle with long neck; 2. make-believe urn in mottled green. Name means born-in-Israel Israeli.
Afri Koko	Sierra Leone	Chocolate coconut	White box with black-and-red pictures of African king based on 15th-century West African bronze. Two drinks and you can hear the drums.
Advockaat	Holland	Eggnog	Tall, clear bottle filled with creamy egg yolks.
Amaretto di Saronno	Italy	Almond	Rectangular decanter, finished in rough-textured glass; fake-leather top. Nice for men's club library.
Sambuca Romana	Italy	Anise	Shaped like hot-water bottle with likeness of the Colosseum on label.
Ciao	Italy	Herby, bitter	Elongated hourglass bottle filled with yellow liqueur.
Cherry Blossoms	Japan	Cherry	Pear-shaped, white ceramic bottle decorated with the Japanese character for cherry blossoms.
Cherry Marnier	France	Cherry	Red-velveteen–covered, waisted bottle; looks like woman in bustle.
Expresso	Italy	Coffee	Old Roman wine jug with outsized flashy gold lettering on label.
Pasha	Turkey	Strong coffee	Curvaceous, copper-hued bottle; neck and cap shaped like tall minaret. Uncork it and you expect Aladdin to pour out.
Inca Pisco	Peru	Firewater	Dull-finish black bottle that looks like the toothy, smiling face of a Peruvian Indian. Used for Pisco sours and scaring small children.
Carib Cup	Bahamas	Tropical fruits	Small, rectangular, white ceramic bottle; one side has map of Caribbean; the other, an island policeman in white pith helmet. Everything there but the peas 'n' rice.
Brontë	England	Brandy with honey aftertaste	Two-tone, brown-and-beige ceramic jug. Folksy as a fireside in Yorkshire.
Izarra	France	Two choices: green—sweet, minty; yellow—bitter, perfumed Cepacol	Slender-necked, flared at hips, then tapered.

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'ractically Everywhere

By Dena Kaye

Name	Country	Flavor	How to Find It on the Shelf
Fior d'Alpe	Italy	Sweet, anise-like	Tall bottle of yellow liquid with small arboretum growing inside. Branches sometimes collect lumps of crystallized sugar.
Old Krupnik	Poland	Honey	Clear-colored bottle with curlicue script on label.
Green Tea	Japan	Sweetened tea with alcohol	Simple, opaque white bottle bearing the Japanese character for green tea; very *shibui*. Makes a nice tea ceremony for tipplers.
Veraña	Spain	Chocolate orange	Dark-green hexagonal bottle with rounded glass collar at nape of neck; label in earth tones. Any lady of Spain would adore it.
Mandarine Napoléon	Belgium	Tangerine	Embossed patchwork-quilt bottle; classy dark-green label, fancy script. Napoleon the Courvoisier drinker would meet his Waterloo with this one.
Asha	India	Pepper water	Bulbous bottle. In India even the liqueur is spicy.
Escorial Grün	Germany	Herbs	White ceramic bottle; sketch of Munich in freehand, children's-coloring-book style.
Mobana	Bahamas	Banana	Bottle is dark-brown ceramic monkey clutching a banana. Nice for a friendly twosome playing "me Tarzan, you Jane."
Anis Gorila	Puerto Rico	Anise	Tall, clear-glass bottle imprinted with diamond-shaped pattern.
Arak Razzouk	Lebanon	Anise	Label decorated with gold grapes, green leaves, and lady reclining on barrel and holding torch. The Lebanese are trying to say something, but we haven't broken the code.
Mesimarja	Finland	Nectar berry	Short, bulbous bottle, with bas-relief berries in glass. Good for interior sauna.
Damiana	Mexico	Bitter herbs	Body of bottle is fat lady trying to hold her stomach. No, it's not gastroenteritis; figure is based on pre-Columbian Peruvian bottle now in Guggenheim Museum.
Marmot Chocolat	Switzerland	Chocolate	Fat bottle filled to bursting point with chocolate chips. All right, Switzerland in a bottle without the snow and cuckoo clocks.
Serbian Plum Brandy	Yugoslavia	High-octane plum	Tambourine-shaped bottle, plum liqueur, tinted yellow.
Rathaus Williams Birnengeist	Switzerland	High-octane pear	Round bottle, clear liqueur, with a pear floating (and probably hiccuping) inside.
Bärenjäger	Germany	Honey	Squat bottle covered in straw dirndl. Looks like a beehive; ditto the plastic cap; gold plastic bee stuck on label. One way to get a buzz on.
Cynar	Italy	Mild, artichoke	Tall, clear bottle; red-and-white label decorated with an artichoke. Filled with brown *apéritif*.
Maraska	Yugoslavia	Cherry	Bottle isn't special, but the cherry liqueur, in a country known for its maraschinos, is superb.
Tava	U.S.	Aromatic, sweet mint	Fake-crystal decanter, fake-silver lavaliere.

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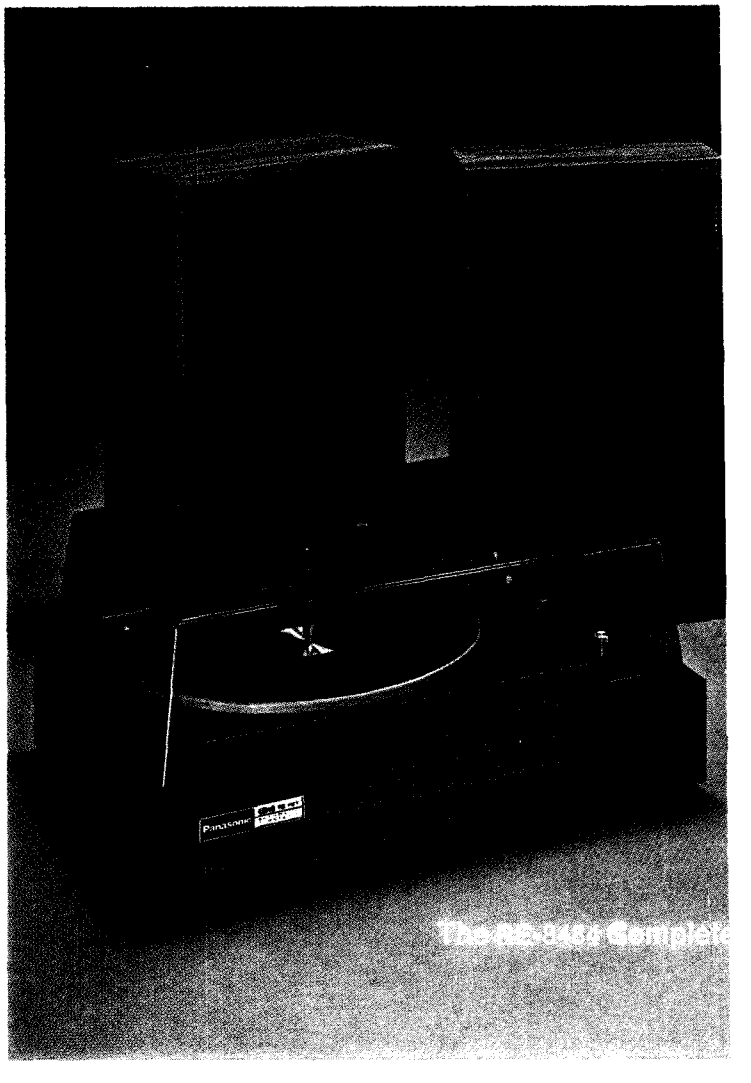

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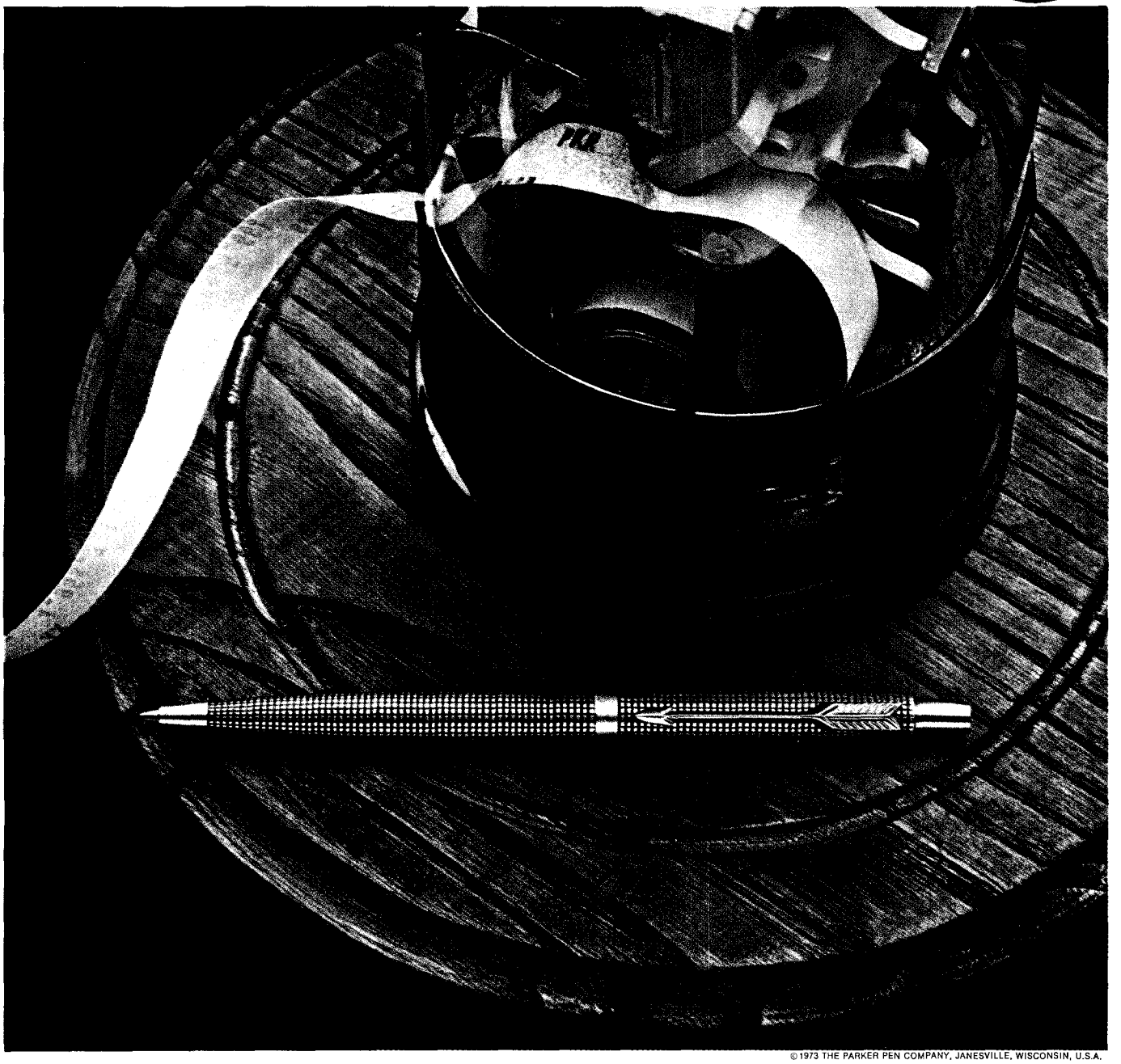

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At the Source Bordelaise

By Horace Sutton

Not since Eleanor of Aquitaine divorced Louis VII in 1152 and married Henri Plantagenêt two months later, has there been such a flap in the gentle reaches of Bordeaux, in southwest France. It began late last June when Château Mouton Rothschild achieved its classification as "a first great growth." To anyone who is not a winewatcher, that may not seem as wondrous an event as man's first walk on the moon or the invention of sugarless gum, but it capped a fifty-year campaign undertaken by Baron Philippe de Rothschild to correct the injustice done nearly 120 years ago.

In Paris the *International Herald Tribune* predicted that the French minister of agriculture had "set in motion a process that will certainly create a furor in the wine world." The furor had scarcely reached cyclonic force along the estuary of the Gironde, where the Bordeaux grapes grow, when, in the very same month, the government began an investigation of some 2 million bottles of wine, which they said was really white wine mixed with low-quality red wine and then labeled as high-quality red.

At the very time Washington was going through its tortured inquiries, Bordeaux writhed in its great wine scandal. The cast included inspectors who didn't inspect, judges who didn't judge, officials who were more eager to camouflage the trickery than reveal it. Somewhere in the snake pit there were traces of a department of dirty tricks invented to snuff out the presidential aspirations of former Prime Minister Jacques Chaban-Delmas, who is the mayor of Bordeaux. Inevitably, the brouhaha of Bordeaux became known as Wine-gate.

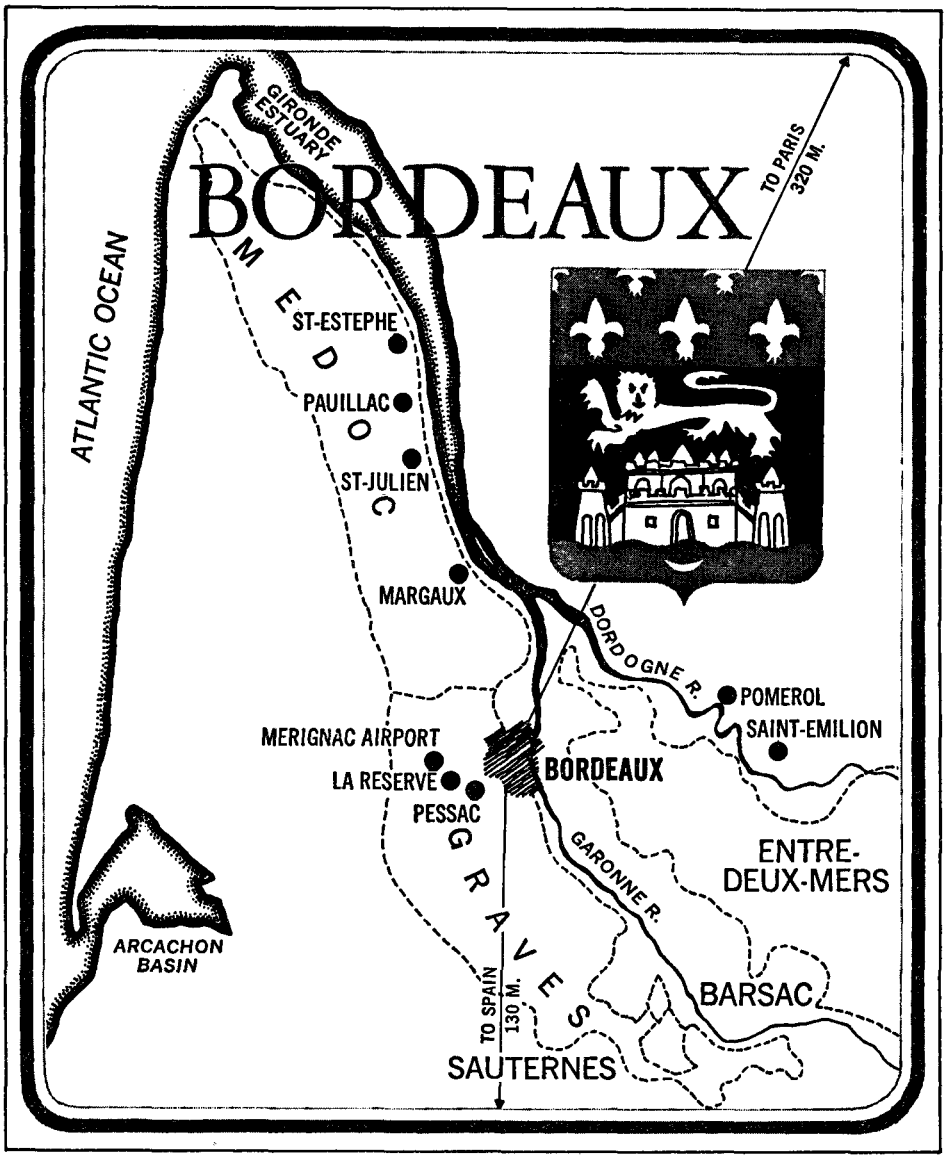
Tax inspectors in the employ of Finance Minister Valéry Giscard d'Estaing impounded the 2 million bottles, but *monsieur le ministre* isn't giving out the findings of his investigation. On the other hand, enough poisonous drippings have been leaked to frighten all of Bordeaux, where a fifth of the population makes its living in wine-associated industries. It has been suggested that adulterated wine, while it may stain the reputation of Bordeaux, if indeed not all the wines of France, is not the heart of the matter. Giscard d'Estaing also entertains aspirations for the presidency, and there are those who say that he is letting Chaban-Delmas twist slowly, slowly in the wind.

Wine-gate has forced other feuds to the surface, notably the religious and social frictions between the *chartrons*, whose forebears were Protestant émigré traders, and the Roman Catholics, who are wine growers. In a reverse of the current troubles in Northern Ireland, the Protestants, who had come from northern Europe, England, and the northern districts of Ireland, were roped into a district from which they got their name. They could work in Bordeaux during the day, but every *chartron* had to be back in his *quartier* after dusk.

Despite these restrictions, the merchant traders became affluent French citizens. Their names, still English, Dutch, and Danish, are on the labels of some of Bordeaux's best wines. It is said, not without a note of tartness, that they continue to give their children English names, send them through the English education mills—that they speak English with aristocratic intonations, wear English clothes, and affect English sports and English modes of decor. Until recently a marriage between a Protestant *chartron* and a Bordeaux Catholic was reason enough for loud whispers.

Whatever shame the summer scandals have wrought, whatever glory the ascendancy of Château Mouton Rothschild has bestowed, both events added a new piquant flavor to Bordeaux. No one ever doubted that its wines were, with those of Burgundy, the best of France. But unlike Burgundy, the Bordeaux region is not on the way to anywhere unless one is heading for Spain, whereas Burgundy and its Côte d'Or lie along the pathway to Dijon, to Lyon, in the heartland of French gastronomy. For anyone en route to the south of France, a few days of

Bob Pelletier



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dawdling in Burgundy give one the chance to dine at the celebrated Hostellerie de la Poste in Avallon and rest up for a day before taking on La Côte d'Or at Saulieu, the erstwhile temple of Dumaine, one of the great chefs of France in the post–World War II years.

Bordeaux has somehow evaded the singular character of Beaune, in the heart of Burgundy wine country, with its famed fifteenth-century Hospice, where the nuns in their enormous starched white coifs float across the red cobbles at the courtyard scene of an auction of vintage wines each November. Nor does it have an inn like Beaune's Hôtel de la Poste, which has given shelter to some of the world's renowned vintners and dealers, to say nothing of the travelers who come only to see the sights.

Although its wine is the spiritual lifeblood of Bordeaux and its economic elixir, the city is an industrial port dealing in oil, hydrocarbons, and chemicals. River traffic from the Garonne moves directly into the city, and the estuary of the Gironde makes Bordeaux an inland seaport, exporting the cereal products of the rich southwest, as well as wine, and importing raw chemicals and oil for its refineries.

ITS CLASSICAL HERITAGES, scattered as they are about the city, are a reminder of its golden age. The Place de la Bourse, a royal square built at the beginning of the eighteenth century, is pure French architecture that the provinces adopted from the Place des Vosges and the Place Vendôme in the capital. Classical mansard buildings enclose the cobbled plaza, which is open to the river. In the center stood the statue of the king, toppled during the revolution. Bordeaux was the center of the Girondists, the political party whose members got their name from the articulate deputies from the *département* of Gironde, who tended to expound more departural and advanced doctrines than the moderate royalist views of most Paris deputies. Twenty-two of them were ultimately executed in 1795, accused of conspiring against the unity of the republic. When the passions of the revolution were banked, a monument to the Girondists was put up in the Esplanade des Quinconces, 100 years after their heads fell to the guillotine.

The merchant traders occupied the fine town houses of the Quai des Chartrons à Bacalan, designed in 1780. One assumes they were in prominent attendance at the lovely eighteenth-century Grand Théâtre, with its twelve Corinthian columns, its statues and arches, which commands the Place de la Comédie. The grand stairway, the huge crystal chandelier, and the gilded, painted ceiling seemed too grand a venue for "La Célèbre Opérette Américaine" *Oklahoma!*, which played there last spring.

The small Bar de la Comédie on the Cours Chapeau-Rouge has three sidewalk tables from which customers sipping an apéritif can look across to the theater and down to the river, where naval ships often ride at quayside moorings. Before the evening curtain the Chapeau-Rouge on the Cours is a busy restaurant. The Brasserie Café de Bordeaux could perhaps pass as the local edition of the Café de la Paix in Paris. It occupies a corner of the Grand Hôtel de Bordeaux, and its sidewalk tables face the theater as well as the mainstream of Bordeaux's traffic, vehicular and pedestrian. The Grand Hôtel, alas, is no longer grand. Built in the Twenties, it has somehow accrued a collection of plastic furniture in the lobby, a foyer decorated with a neon sign flashing *Bienvenue au Grand Hôtel.*

There are those who compare the royal entrance of Bordeaux's Cathédrale Saint-André with those of the cathedrals at Reims and Amiens. The sculptures of the ten apostles and the Last Judgment are Gothic masterpieces. So, for that matter, is the array of flying buttresses through which the camera's eye can view the Hôtel de Ville. The elders still like to sit on the benches in the shade of the chestnut trees that line the Place Pey Berland on the side of the cathedral. Inside that cavernous interior, hardly twenty feet shorter than Notre Dame de Paris, the visitor is likely to encounter that quintessential picture of pious France: an old man holding cane, beret, and rosary, placing his free hand on the marble statue of Mary and Jesus.

ALTHOUGH THERE is certainly a *cuisine Bordelaise* and no less an authority than the weighty *Larousse Gastronomique* insists "its culinary glory equals that of Lyon, where, according to connoisseurs, the art of good food has reached the level of the sublime," the city itself has no starred restaurants to call its own.

Restaurant Clavel, to take one of Michelin's better, if starless, choices, is small, classic, and quiet. Nothing, the management announces, is *congelé* or *sur gelé*, which is to say frozen or iced. A few dozen dusty bottles of Bordeaux adorn a counter—an 1899 Château Ausone at about fifty dollars and a 1959 Château Ausone or Château Latour, your choice, at better than sixty dollars. The filet of sole, in the Bordelaise style, arrives, to one's surprise, in a red wine sauce. And so do the lamprey eels. Clams and small, gray shrimp are specialties, and so is grilled shad served with sauce Gribiche—oil and vinegar, hard-cooked eggs, capers, and tarragon.

One stays in the most comfort out of town in the ultra-contemporary confines of the Hotel Sofitel-Aquitania, facing an artificial lake and the new exposition hall, or at the more rustic La Réserve in the suburb of Alouette. La Réserve has only a handful of rooms, but they are artfully done, imaginatively named ("Don Juan," "Torquemada," "Pompadour," etc.) and priced at about thirty-two dollars a night for a double, service included. There is a lake too full of frogs and swans for a comfortable swim, but the beach at Arcachon is handy.

Besides its tranquil country setting, La Réserve's further joy is its kitchen, which wears the only star (one) that Michelin has awarded in the entire Bordeaux area.

The restaurant serves a fixed-price menu at twenty-eight francs (somewhat less than seven dollars per person), but its specialties—should money be no object—will run a bill considerably higher. A slice of fresh duck liver, almost obscenely rich (and too much as a first course for any but a card-carrying gourmand), costs eight dollars a portion. But on demand, the chef also sends to the table such impressive specialties as a *chateaubriand en feuilleté*—a filet steak in flaky pastry, served with *sauce Périgourdine* (twenty-five dollars for four), and *lou magret*, a thick breast of duck that has had only a brief encounter with a charcoal brazier and arrives at table bloody as a pink steak.

All this sort of fare calls for wine, and in these precincts one doesn't think in terms of Burgundy. The vineyards are close enough for visits, and as with any

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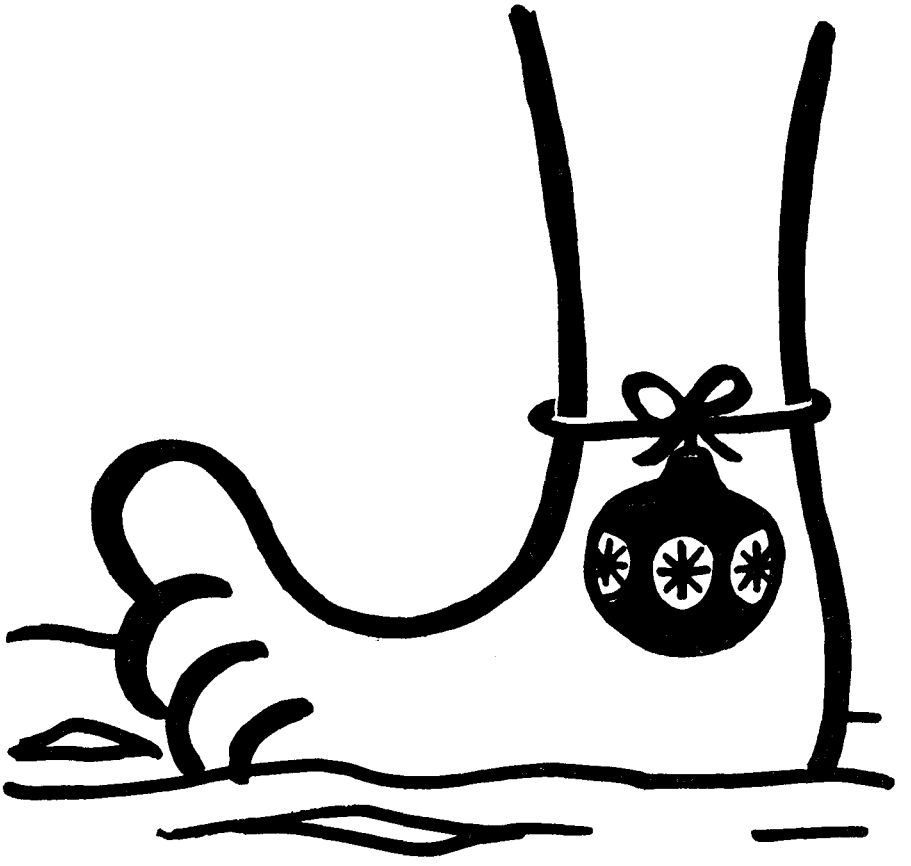
wine country in France, it is always a fascination to see the famous labels—Château Margaux at Margaux, and Château Latour, Lafite Rothschild, and Mouton Rothschild, all near Pauillac, the premier wines of Médoc—suddenly come alive as real places. One might walk through the cellars of Château Lafite, one of France's best labels (a bottle of its 1959 vintage now costs $135 in New York), a vineyard bought at auction by James Rothschild in 1868. When France fell, the whole vineyard was requisitioned by the Germans as Jewish property, but much of the old stock was walled off and concealed. All the Germans took away was the 1941 vintage and some of the '42. The rest was coming out of its long rest in oaken vats and being bottled when the Germans gave up. On the twenty-fifth anniversary of Baron Elie de Rothschild's assumption of control of the vineyards, a bottle of 1797 Lafite, the oldest vintage extant, was uncorked.

The vineyards of Baron Philippe de Rothschild, whose Château Mouton was finally knighted this year in the first change in the official Médoc classification since 1855, is just next door. More interested in his wine, in his writing (he translates English classics into French), and in art than is his neighboring cousin, Elie (who recently rejuvenated the Rothschild chain of hotels), Baron Philippe has created a handsome museum of wine-associated artifacts, which adjoins the wine room at his vineyard.

TAKING OVER THE WINE interests from his father fifty-one years ago, when he was twenty, Philippe immediately enforced his personality on the vineyard. Merging two of the paramount interests of his life, he induced great French artists to design labels for his wine, among them Cocteau in 1947, Marie Laurençin a year later, Braque in 1955, Miró in 1969, and Chagall in 1970. All are on display, along with a chambered nautilus shell set in an elaborate vermeil mounting, used for wine at the end of the sixteenth century; a cup of sculpted ivory called *The Temple of Bacchus,* which its Venetian creator took fourteen years to carve; and an alcove of Rouaults, Picassos, and Giacomettis. It's a private museum, and visitors intent on a visit—it drew 15,000 last year—ought to avoid Saturdays and Sundays, when it is closed. On other days it is wise to call first (tel. 59-01-15). If a baron answers, it is probably the butler's day off. □



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The Playwright as Voyager

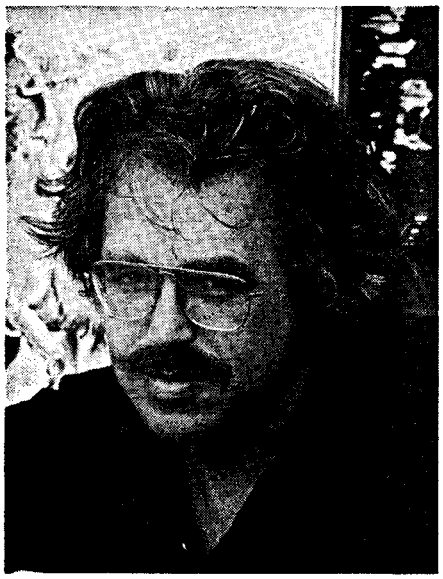
By Henry Hewes

Of all the new American playwrights to emerge in the last decade, the most successful is John Guare. His *Muzeeka* won him an Obie in 1968; his *Cop-Out* earned for him the title Most Promising Broadway Playwright in *Variety's* 1970 critics poll; his *House of Blue Leaves* garnered the New York Drama Critics Circle Award as the Best American Play of the 1970-71 season; and *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, which he, Mel Shapiro, and Galt MacDermot adapted, won the New York Drama Critics Circle Award as the Best Musical of 1971-72. Therefore, it was not surprising that when Guare finished his latest script, *Marco Polo Sings a Solo*, there was no dearth of producers wanting to purchase the play. However, the author turned down all offers in favor of a not-to-be-reviewed shakedown cruise at the Nantucket Stage Company's Cyrus Peirce Theater. "I didn't want anyone else to own the play until *I* owned it," he explains. "And for me to own it, I needed to live with performances of it for a couple of months."

Fortunately John Wulp, a playwright who had mortgaged his Nantucket house in order to mount a distinguished three-play season on the island, was willing to underwrite the deficit that a first-rate production would incur, to request critics not to review the play, and to leave the new work free from entanglements so that it could continue its subsequent development in the best possible way.

The Nantucket production turned out splendidly, not as a smash hit, but as six weeks of unpressured work-in-progress in which the playwright and his director, Mel Shapiro, learned what needed to be done with an extremely ambitious but quite disorderly masterwork. The play, set in 1999, uses a combination of farce and wild imagination as it follows eight characters whose foibles sum up the failures of the twentieth century. These characters include an astronaut who has discovered a new planet; his wife, who is trying to escape being impregnated by a new electronic uterine device on her husband's space-ship dashboard; a Western film star of the Seventies, back in vogue; his wife, who was the flower girl and who sang naked in *Skin*.

On a less mythic level, there are the film star's adopted son, who is having problems with both his bisexuality and his project to produce a film epic about the great heroes of the millennium; his wife, who was a child-prodigy pianist and wants to resume her career; her lover, a lawyer, who is negotiating the Paris peace talks, "now in their forty-fourth year"; and a young hanger-on who is obsessively in love with the would-be producer's wife.



Beverly Hall

John Guare—"A very personal writer."

Guare sees the play as a journey from childishness to maturity and simply defines maturity as "a creating of your own structure that allows you to flourish."

There is a parallel to this in the playwright's own career. When he was studying at the Yale Drama School under the late John Gassner, he found himself rejecting the then prevalent emphasis on logic and good construction. Later, when he returned to Yale to study with Arnold Weinstein, Guare relished the pleasure of disregarding logic and structure in order to open himself up. He began to write one-act plays, one of which was performed at the Barr-Albee-Wilder workshop. Says the playwright, "I saw that Off-Off-Broadway was the place I could get a play done and, no matter how it came out, return again."

As a result of his Off-Off-Broadway outing, Guare was invited to become one of the playwrights at the Eugene O'Neill Memorial Theater Playwrights' Conference. "The great thing about the O'Neill," he says, "was that they gave me a date for staging my script. The first year I came up with act 1 of *The House of Blue Leaves*. The next summer, they gave me another date, and I wrote *Muzeeka*. The year after that, another date, and I wrote *Cop-Out*."

Despite his success, Guare began to feel that maybe his revolt against structure had made it impossible for him to write anything but short plays. "It was," he says, "like living in too small a room." So he resolved to find a happier balance between getting deeper into himself and the problem of structure. He achieves rich self-expression by writing, without censoring, in pocket-size notebooks he carries with him everywhere. "I learned to do this when I was traveling through Egypt and the Middle East. I had no one to talk to so I wrote things down in a book. The act of writing became the most important link to being alive."

As for structure, Guare hopes to be able to put his writing in dramatically effective order by asking himself questions about what is or is not keeping audiences involved. He risks alienating them by using shocking images that will take them into their own dark subterranean passages. But he knows that if he does it right, he will make theatergoers aware of how they are hurting people around them. In the case of *The House of Blue Leaves*, he wrote nine different second acts before it came to him that, like the play's deaf movie star, all the characters were "deaf" to each other. Only then was he able to make the play work.

In spite of the problems that were not solved during the Nantucket run of *Marco Polo Sings a Solo*, director Mel Shapiro is optimistic. "The terrible thing about most playwrights," he says, "is that they can't grow or change with their material. Either they have written a literary conceit or they feel that a request for a rewrite constitutes interference with their psychic intuition. John is a very personal writer who loves to re-explore the events of his play."

Guare himself says, "I'm very obsessive about work. Work for me is all voyaging, a kind of emotional serendipity. I write to get objectivity on things that have happened. Life is the unconscious, writing the conscious." One suspects that this soft-spoken, playful playwright's approach to his material is a little like Marco Polo's to the world. He is described in the play as the only voyager who traveled to new lands and neither tried to destroy them nor to impose himself on them. □

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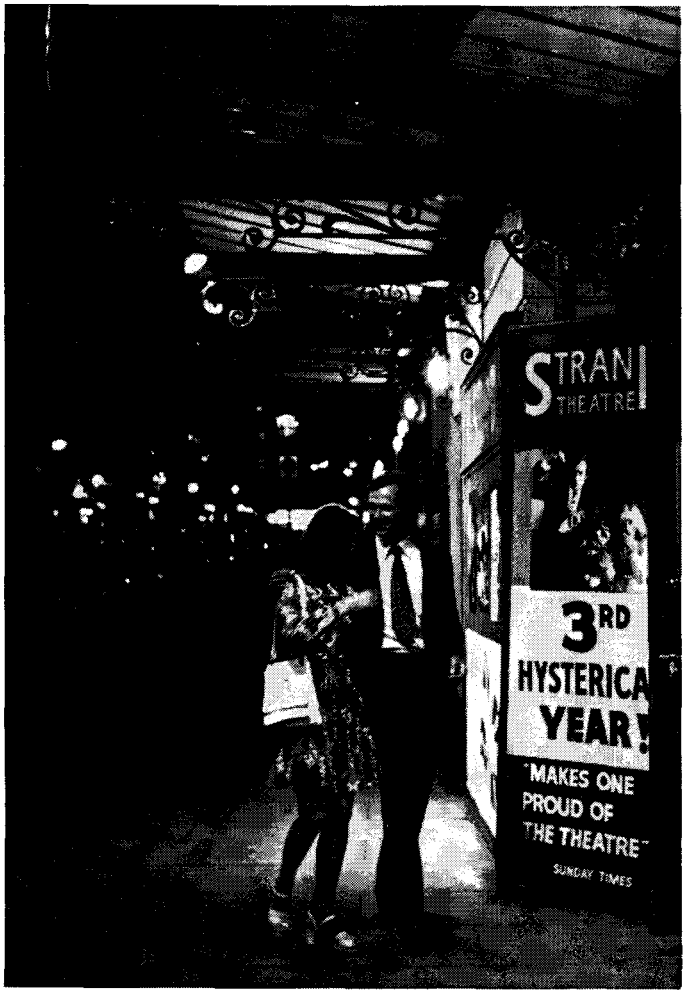

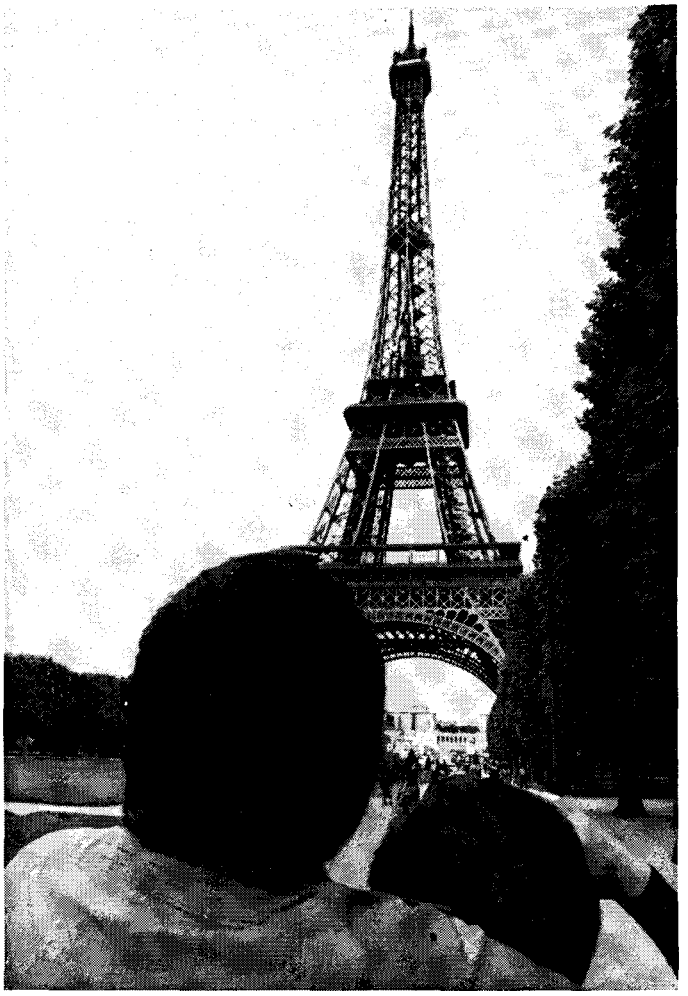

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The Atlanta Ballet, with Nancy Hanks (center) congratulating Dorothy Alexander for her fifty years of service in American ballet.

Dance on Mainstreet

By Walter Terry

Today Atlanta's handsome and aristocratic Dorothy Alexander has snow-white hair, but her unquenchable energy has not diminished since 1929, when, as a raven-haired young dancer, she organized the Atlanta Civic Ballet, an innovation that was to change the dance landscape of America. This year Mrs. Alexander's fifty years of service in American dance was celebrated not only by Atlanta but by the dance voice of America as well. Nancy Hanks, chairman of the National Endowment for the Arts, a federal agency, journeyed to Georgia and presented the veteran dance leader with the following citation:

For Dorothy Alexander, who epitomizes the artist as visionary. Just as great architects have foreseen cities which then came to be, she danced and made dances. She built a company, the Atlanta Ballet. She built a national dream, regional ballet. Behind it all was the faith that someday the people of Atlanta—and Americans everywhere—would cherish dance as a meaningful part of their lives. Because of her, that day beckons.

What, one may ask, is so important about regional ballet? In European nations that are comparatively small geographically, there are opera houses in almost every city; in some instances they are only a few miles apart. Yet each has its own company, including a resident ballet troupe. But the United States, for all its size and wealth, was, until Mrs. Alexander came along, virtually a desert for dance cultivation everywhere but New York City.

And in Manhattan at the turn of the century, almost the only ballet to be seen was the resident group at the Metropolitan Opera House. Even here, professional ballet was at an ebb, with male dancers replaced occasionally by buxom ladies doing men's roles *en travesti*. Anna Pavlova came to us in 1910 and for twenty years brought the marvels of ballet to American cities—but only for brief appearances. Ruth St. Denis, Ted Shawn, and their Denishawn Dancers did the same thing for the home-grown product. But as far as American communities were concerned, dancing was occasional and fleeting, an overnight visitor.

In time, after Mrs. Alexander's pioneering efforts, ballet gained a foothold in San Francisco (first with Adolph Bolm from Russia and later with the Christensen brothers); in Chicago (with Ruth Page); in Philadelphia, the city that produced the first American dancers of note in the late 1700s and early 1800s (with the aid of the daring Catherine Littlefield). But the focus was New York, and in the late 1930s Lincoln Kirstein, now general director of the world-renowned New York City Ballet, commented rather sadly that "if you have any dance talent, you don't stay in Lynchburg."

Today you can have dance talent and earn a living in approximately 120 different communities. Doris Hering, executive director of the National Association for Regional Ballet, Inc. (funded by the National Endowment for the Arts), has written: "For the most part, New York does not really foster talent. It consumes it." And those days are also going, thanks to regional ballet.

REGIONAL BALLET is still in its teens. It started when the late Anatole Chujoy, editor and publisher of *Dance News*, attended ballet festivals in Canada and wondered out loud, in print, and to Dorothy Alexander why the United States could not institute something similar but on a yearly, countrywide, regional basis. The first festival, organized by Mrs. Alexander and held in 1955, called on the talents of five civic ballet groups. It was an instant success, and the following year the Southeastern Regional Ballet Festival Association was formed. Today there are five regional ballet associations (Southeastern, Northeast, Pacific, Southwestern, Mid-States) comprising more than 120 companies.

The regional ballet movement is not a hit-or-miss affair. It has rules. It has standards. The participating companies are non-professional, but they are on the threshold of being professional. The civic ballets that were, and are, content themselves with annual recitals in a home community. They represent the accomplishments of a local school, and the annual recital is planned to display pupil progress to interested parents, relatives, and neighbors.

Regional ballets are also rooted in local schools—all professional ballet troupes are at their best when their dancers are trained in a related school or academy—but the horizons beckon far beyond the home town. For each regional ballet hopes for, and plans for, participation in its appropriate regional festival. Technical and performing standards must not only remain high but also reach higher. Competition and local pride are involved. No regional ballet lives in splendid isolation.

A regional troupe represents its community proudly, but its dance vision is now regional rather than local. It cannot represent the culture and accomplish-

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ment of its own city unless it journeys beyond that city and invites comparison with similar enterprises in other towns throughout the region. Because standards in teaching, training, producing, choreographing, staging, and performing are rising each year, some regional ballets find it possible to take that next step and, with financial help, turn professional. The Boston Ballet was once an amateur regional group, as was the Wilkes-Barre Ballet, but under the astute leadership and careful training of its directors, E. Virginia Williams and Barbara Weisberger, respectively, and with grants from the Ford Foundation, Boston's little company became professional and the Wilkes-Barre students turned themselves into the Pennsylvania Ballet.

What is the difference between a regional ballet and a professional company? It is, of course, primarily a matter of performing standards, of that clear but difficult-to-describe line that separates the amateur from the professional. Funding is all-important. Most dancers in regional ballet are part-time dancers —they have to earn their livelihood outside dance itself. But sufficient monies enable dance directors to guarantee their dancers year-round (or almost) salaries so that dance may be not an avocation but their paying vocation.

Any dance company in the United States (certain border towns in Canada are also included) may apply for membership in the pertinent regional ballet association, whether it is oriented toward ballet, modern dance, or ethnic dance. Community prejudice is avoided because regional ballet associations represent many cities and several states and because there is that supergroup, the National Association for Regional Ballet, which clucks like a loving but disciplinary mother hen over its ballet brood.

A regional ballet must incorporate as a non-profit enterprise and give public performances for paying audiences. Companies and repertory are selected for regional festivals by non-related, unbiased, disinterested—but not *un*interested—adjudicators. (Regional ballet most certainly brought the word *adjudication* back into common use.) Regional associations may select their own festival adjudicators but only from a list provided by the national association. Thus, no dance figure—teacher, dancer, critic, sponsor—in a given region may adjudicate companies in that region. Dance leaders in other regions may be called on to adjudicate, since no neighborhood rivalry exists for them outside their own areas, or national dance authorities may be invited as adjudicators.

The late Mr. Chujoy was an active national adjudicator. Another is Alice Bingham, who, in a matter of weeks, visited twenty-two cities, reported on more than fifty ballet productions, and helped select the companies and the programs to be given at that particular regional festival. Miss Hering, long associated with the regional-ballet movement and a dance critic and lecturer of international stature, is also an adjudicator. Recently Miss Hering completed a tour of fifty-two regional ballet centers. (Adjudicators, incidentally, work without pay and are recompensed for expenses only by the various regions they adjudicate.)

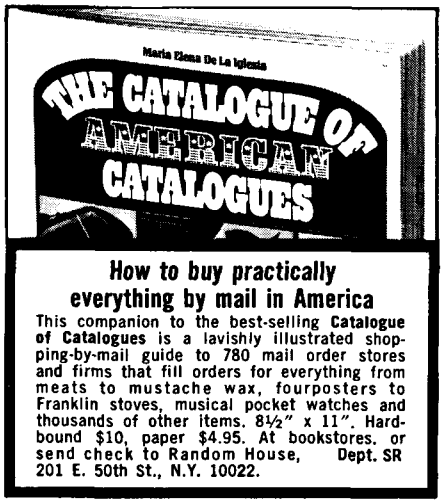
The major virtue of the regional ballet movement is decentralization. In a country as huge as ours, this is desirable, even essential, for many reasons. New York City and, to a lesser degree, Chicago and San Francisco cannot possibly absorb all the dance talent emerging in communities from coast to coast. The communities themselves, which may have supported for many years municipal symphonies, glee clubs, and little theater groups, may now take pride in giving support to the fastest growing of the performing arts, dance. Furthermore, dancers need not necessarily desert the home front for the lights of Broadway or Hollywood TV, for stage and television opportunities at home are now open to them.

Nor can one overlook the wealth of potential choreographic material waiting to be used in every region. Naturally, regional companies will want to accept the challenges of a *Swan Lake*, or a ballet by Balanchine, or some other traditional or international classic. Indeed, they would be foolish to skirt *The Nutcracker*, the biggest money-maker and audience-getter in all ballet. But local legends and lore, folk-dance backgrounds, even geographical locations—the sea, the mountains, the plains—invite the choreographer to paint unique pictures, not with pigments or words, but with dancing bodies. Ghettos cry out for dance expression of inequities suffered, just as bayou songs long to find physical form and substance in the lilt of the human body.

Yehudi Menuhin, the great violinist, has said, "Art cannot exist only in the hands of specialists, for it will wither. It must dig into the very substance of life. It requires the help and cooperation of the whole community, and help must sometimes be given in the homes, in the schools, and in the streets."

In sixteen years the regional-ballet movement, unique to America, has presented fifty-four festivals throughout the nation in a continuing effort to raise community dance to a high theatrical level. Students, young performers, incipient choreographers, even composers and designers and librettists, are emerging.

Mrs. Alexander, justly honored by her city, by her state, and, through Miss Hanks, by the nation itself, has indeed been more than a visionary: She has transformed visions and dreams into the same reality that one of the greatest dancers of all time envisioned when she, the divine Isadora Duncan, said, "I see America dancing, beautiful, strong, with one foot poised on the highest point of the Rockies, her two hands stretched out from the Atlantic to the Pacific." □



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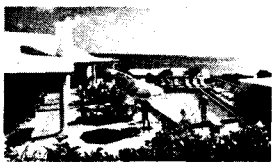

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Scott, Zelda, and the Last of the Southern Belles

By Hollis Alpert

Richard Chamberlain as Scott, Blythe Danner as Zelda, and Leslie Williams as their child, Scottie, in "F. Scott Fitzgerald and the Last of the Belles."

There's something of a Zelda and F. Scott Fitzgerald revival taking place in movies and television. Paramount is completing what it is already claiming will be the definitive film version of *The Great Gatsby;* producer Sam Spiegel has announced that he will do *The Last Tycoon,* with, hopefully, Mike Nichols assuming the directorial reins; a film biography of Zelda Fitzgerald is being planned, as is a movie based on her one novel, *Save Me the Waltz.* But as it turns out, television is getting there first—on January 6, 1974, to be specific—with a two-hour dramatization called "F. Scott Fitzgerald and the Last of the Belles," to be shown over the ABC network.

It also turns out that the show is the first in a projected series that has two aims: to dramatize selected incidents in the life of Fitzgerald and, at the same time, to dramatize an area of his fiction that relates to his life story. The conception, which derives from Herbert Brodkin, a producer with a prestigious television track record, may seem unwieldy on first consideration, mingling fact and fiction as it does. But a preview showing of the first in the series proves otherwise. Not only does the dramatization give us a view of Scott and Zelda at a significant moment in their lives; it is also the best and most faithful capturing of the Fitzgerald mood and quality.

To have this happen in prime-time television, with its emphasis on audience share and commercial sponsorship, amounts to something of a breakthrough. It might be less surprising if it were to happen on public television, where cultural and literary programming have fewer built-in obstacles, and those largely budgetary. But if you have been paying attention to the commercial medium, you have probably noticed a more than occasional gleam of quality breaking through the clouds of sitcoms, crime stuff, and comedy hours. And this, so the network programmers assure us, is not altogether accidental. There is experimentation afoot, although to find it one must scan the listings carefully. My advice is to mark the date January 6, 1974, clearly on your calendar.

"F. Scott Fitzgerald and the Last of the Belles" shows us Scott, Zelda, and their child, Scottie, returning from Europe on the liner *Carmania* to live in a temporary abode near Wilmington, Delaware. The marriage is strained; Scott has been drinking; Zelda is seized with balletic ambition. Throughout the rented mansion, Ellerslie, resound the strains of *Valencia,* to which Zelda practices her ballet exercises hour after hour. The year is 1928, but Scott is musing back in time to when he first encountered Zelda, the belle of Montgomery, Alabama; and when he turns to writing, he tells the story of "The Last of the Belles." That story, superbly dramatized by James Costigan, takes up the majority of the running time and is replete with charm and nostalgia, and a bitter flavor that counterpoints what is occurring at Ellerslie.

The film makes it clear that Scott, in creating a girl called Ailie Calhoun, is returning in mind and memory to an earlier Zelda. That period in his life, toward the end of World War I, when he was stationed in an army camp near Montgomery, affected his fiction for a long time after. Time and again Zelda prototypes appear in his short stories and novels; and as Zelda changes, so does the prototype. In "The Last of the Belles" Fitzgerald seems to be seeing the young Zelda clearly yet lovingly; he sees her charm and her essential sadness. Whether this is the real Zelda or not is unimportant. It is the type he is after: the girl who flirts and plays with and dominates her men, who is absent-mindedly cruel and who, despite her airs and manners and apparent breeding, is scarcely discerning about the men she chooses. Costigan's script takes the short story, dramatizes it sensitively, and brings out its qualities with astonishing clarity.

So IT IS THAT Ailie is the prettiest and most captivating girl in a southern town called Tarleton. Nearby is the army training camp and the country club, where the young officers dance with and pursue the local girls. Among them is Andy, and we can assume him, with some accuracy, to be the counterpart of Scott himself. Of all the men who pass through young Ailie's life, he remains the truest, the most understanding, and Fitzgerald finds him, perhaps not too consciously, the most sympathetic.

Like so many others I have met, I have been through what can be termed a Fitzgerald phase—reading and rereading not only *The Great Gatsby* and *Tender is the Night* and such favorite stories as "The Rich Boy," "Crazy Sunday," and "Babylon Revisited" but also the biographies by Mizener and Turnbull, the recent *Zelda,* and Fitzgerald's own *Crack-Up.* In addition to the Fitzgerald literature, there

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is a growing literature about Fitzgerald. He continues to haunt and intrigue us. More and more we acknowledge him to be a major writer, and more and more he becomes a romantic, almost mythic symbol of the hectic Twenties and the disillusioned Thirties. When Alan Ladd took on the Gatsby role in the movies, we Fitzgerald buffs knew he was wrong, all wrong. When *Tender is the Night* came to the screen, it was a travesty; and when *Babylon Revisited* was made into a glossy MGM film called *The Last Time I Saw Paris* (with Elizabeth Taylor, no less), the Fitzgerald essence again was missing.

But not this time. George Schaefer has taken the Costigan script and somehow has got it right. Admittedly, Richard Chamberlain is not an exact look-alike for Fitzgerald, but he is a good actor, and equally good is Blythe Danner as the troubled Zelda. The biographical element is well and tastefully handled; and when fiction enters the picture, the teleplay takes on a glow until, finally, we have it in this most popular of mediums: the Fitzgerald magic. The young people chosen for the plum roles of Ailie and Andy were all but unknown; but they won't be for long, for they are perfectly suited to the material. David Huffman was in the earlier Brodkin production "Pueblo." Susan Sarandon has been seen in *Joe* and in daytime television. She has landed the part of any young actress's dream. Ed Vane, national programming director for ABC, puts it this way: "As of January 7, 1974, she is a major star." And with that pronouncement there will be little quarrel.

During its first twenty-five years, network television has taken its share of beatings. Prophets have cried out in the wilderness, despairing of TV's lost opportunities. Ignorant Agnewites have attacked its supposed bias and prejudice. Public officials such as Newton Minow and Nicholas Johnson have lambasted it as a wasteland and worse, and we amateurs have taken it as a matter of course that its dramatic efforts are aimed at mentalities other than our own noble ones. Many a network programming chief has attempted, as the cliché goes, to "upgrade the medium." Defenders will point in retrospect to the glory days of "Playhouse 90," to the brilliant satire of Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca, to the teleplays of Paddy Chayefsky and Reginald Rose, among others, to emergent directors such as Frankenheimer and Schaefer, and even to the razzle-dazzle of "Laugh-In." But the medium has to pay for itself, and the sponsors must be served; television has to sell soap and automobiles, detergents and shaving creams and packaged pizzas. To break through the miasma, to counteract the numbers game, is to run afoul of the hardened network and agency establishments.

Over at ABC Ed Vane said: "Every man here would rather work on quality programs than on shows that might be called bread and butter. But they're hard to come by. Frankly, it was hard to explain here just what was the conception of the Fitzgerald show. What do you say? We're combining an author's true life with a portion of his creative work? That's not easy to sell to a sponsor. But the combination of Herb Brodkin and his associate Robert Berger with the idea was enough to get the go-ahead. Their credentials in television are second to none."

Brodkin and Berger (the latter more familiarly known as Buzz) have their own independent outfit, based in New York, known as Titus Productions. Their credentials include the long-running and award-winning series "The Defenders." During television's glory days, Brodkin produced many dramas for "Playhouse 90" and "Studio One." Later he produced several shows for the "CBS Playhouse," among them "Dear Friends" and "The People Next Door." His most recent laurels came from "Pueblo," produced for ABC Theatre.

Tall and craggy-faced, Brodkin seems to bear the scars of his continual attempts to "upgrade the medium." He is a battler; he fights, on the one hand, to get his program conceptions approved by the networks and, on the other, to get the best out of the talent he hires. "For some years," he said, in explanation of how the Fitzgerald project came to be, "we had been trying to dream up TV things of dignity, stature, and excitement. For some of them we needed longer time spans than one-shots of ninety minutes or two hours. We developed ideas along the lines of what are now called mini-series. A couple of years ago, it suddenly occurred to me that we should take an author—our first thought was Hemingway—and do a series about him that would dramatize both his life and his work. It sounded like a pretty good idea, an unusual one, and an unsalable one, given the kind of men we usually deal with. I first thought of it as running over a five-year span, and I went to NBC with the idea, where I thought it would be

Susan Sarandon as Ailie Calhoun—"The part of any young actress' dream."

appreciated. It was, and I asked for five million dollars in order to lay out the whole project in detail. They said, simply, that they couldn't spend that kind of money.

"Meanwhile, we had to give up on Hemingway. Most of the rights were tied up by Mary Hemingway, and we failed to make contact with her. The next natural choice was, of course, Scott Fitzgerald. The rights problem was complicated, because so much of the material had been optioned over the years; but a good part of Fitzgerald's work was owned by Scott's daughter, Frances Fitzgerald Smith, whose friends call her Scottie. Buzz and I met her in Washington, explained the idea, and found her receptive to it. We then started to talk to writers."

First in line was Paddy Chayefsky, who just couldn't see it working. Next was James Costigan, whose *Little Moon of Alban* was one of the most affecting television dramas ever. "Costigan," Brodkin said, "went through the ceiling with delight. He went home and later came in with an outline, which we took to ABC. I suspect he had already written the script. It was Scottie who came up with the suggestion that we build the first in the series around 'The Last of the Belles.' This, by the way, was originally thought of as a weekly, one-hour series. But whenever you go anywhere with an idea for television, there's always some-

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one who thinks it's great and says, 'Let's change it.' They want to improve it for you. Martin Starger, the president of ABC Entertainment, wouldn't buy the one-hour–series notion. He thought of it as five or six two-hour plays. We didn't argue, and, in retrospect, he's probably right."

Costigan's script, when it arrived, was immediately recognized as something very good and unusual. "That," said Brodkin, "led us into some strange adventures. We were able to get Richard Chamberlain for the Fitzgerald part, and ABC agreed on Blythe Danner for Zelda. The networks prefer recognizable names, if only to sell the sponsors. They also wanted stars for the Ailie and Andy roles. Cybill Shepherd seemed right for Ailie and agreed to do it. Upon which we received a communication from Peter Bogdanovich, who apparently has some influence on Miss Shepherd. She had given him the script to read. Great script, he said, wonderful idea, and he came up with an offer. He will direct it on condition that *he* play both male leads and Cybill, both female roles. The delay caused by these negotiations lost us Chamberlain. He had a film to make elsewhere.

"We then turned to Robert Mulligan, who, like everyone else, admired the script and proposed it be done as a feature film for 20th Century-Fox. ABC refused. So Mulligan dropped out."

Another call came from Bogdanovich. He paid Titus Productions a visit. "Peter," Brodkin said, "is a charming, well-spoken young man with an ego that makes me seem like a retiring violet. He sat with us for three hours and wouldn't go away. First, he explains how he wants to change the script. He wants to take out all the episodes involving the dramatization of the life story, thus destroying our idea. What he would prefer doing instead is simply to get up in front of the camera himself and talk about Fitzgerald and then do the story. He also saw it as a feature film at a budget of about four times what the network was prepared to spend, which is to say three million, rather than three-quarters of a million, dollars. We listened to all these blandishments, and then I asked him: 'You love the the script—why do you want to change it?' He said: 'That's the way I want to do it.' He was willing to give up acting the parts and, on second thought, agreed that Cybill should play only the young girl. We declined his services, and off he went to Europe. Next thing we knew, Cybill, on a technicality, was no longer available. And the network was still insistent on casting stars for the major parts."

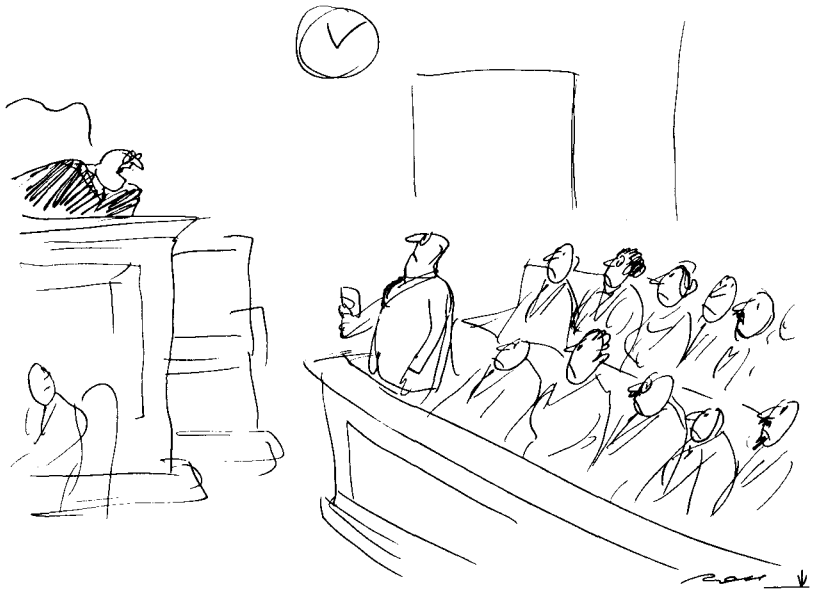
GEORGE SCHAEFER WAS OBTAINED as director, and by then so much time had elapsed that Chamberlain was again available. Brodkin and Berger canvassed dozens of possibilities for the two young leads and found Susan Sarandon and David Huffman. "They read beautifully," Brodkin said, "but the network was reluctant to let us use them. I went ahead and hired them anyway. It caused a fight over at ABC, made me a couple of enemies, but they're small-scale enemies, none of the important people. Let me say this: When it came to the clutch, we were supported by Starger and Vane."

Berger, as working producer, organized an expedition to Savannah, Georgia, where all the locations were found. Their experience enabled them to find a crew that allowed the production unit to adhere to the tight budget. "The secret of this show," Brodkin said, "is that everyone—Buzz, Schaefer, the actors, the crew—protected the script and the concept, and once we were in the production stage, no one interfered."

Now in progress is another episode in the life of the Fitzgeralds that will be based on an early story called "The Camel's Back." The rights are still being cleared, because there is a rumor that Warner Bros. acquired the story back in the early Twenties and made it into a silent that largely involved trolleys. (The story has nothing to do with trolleys.) That film has disappeared, although trolley buffs are still trying to find it. "We'll use different actors for the Fitzgerald role," Brodkin said, "depending on the author's age at the time of the writing of the particular story."

At proud ABC the film is being given previews for press and industry groups (DuPont has taken on the sponsorship), and word is spreading that it has something remarkable to show the American public on the evening of January 6. "Several have asked us why," Vane said, "when something has turned out this well, we aren't releasing it first as a theatrical feature. It was shot, after all, as a 35-mm film. Our feeling is that if it was originally designed for television, that's where it belongs. Wouldn't it seem as though we were diminishing our own medium if we set out to do a quality work, achieve it, and then say in effect that it's too good for the medium?"

Brodkin, encouraged once more to go on with his upgrading efforts, has the insufficiently tapped resources of fine American fiction on his mind. A meeting has been arranged with Mary Hemingway over the possible procuring of rights to Hemingway's short stories, and there's hope that they can fashion a Hemingway series for the air, too. "I'm aware," Brodkin said, "that network television is a popular medium, and I'm not trying to make it into a classroom in American literature. What I would like is for it to be a popular medium on a much sounder basis." An example of that sounder basis is at hand. It's called "F. Scott Fitzgerald and the Last of the Belles." □



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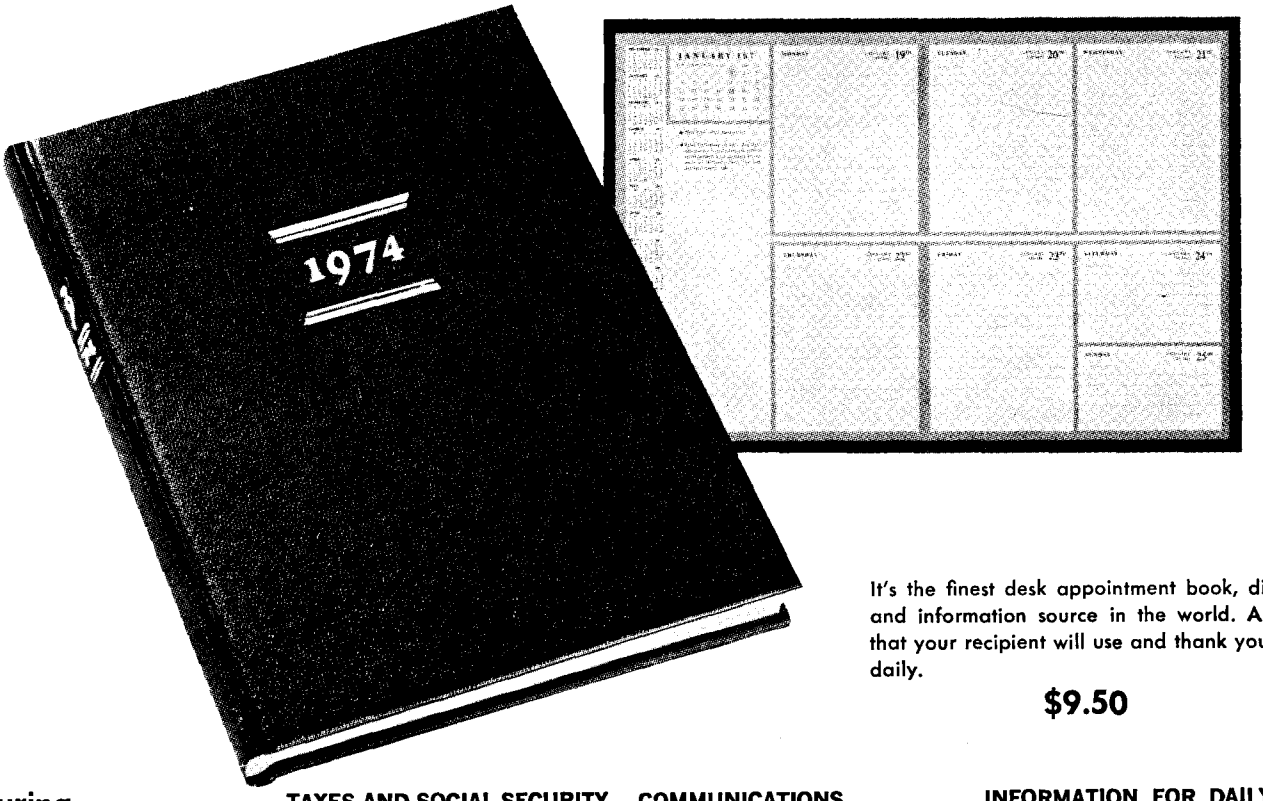

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Soprano Birgit Nilsson singing at the Adelaide Festival Theatre.

"War and Peace" in Sydney (and Adelaide)

By Irving Kolodin

Adelaide, South Australia

In the aftermath of the worldwide publicity generated by recent events in Sydney, one large question remains to be answered: What light did the choice of Prokofiev's *War and Peace* for the opening of the opera house shed on the work's future in the repertory? The unqualified answer would have to be: considerable. Despite the confining conditions of the theater's stage and pit, the effort mounted by Stephen Hall's Australian Opera Company to fulfill the imaginative staging by Sam Wanamaker of the excellent version prepared and conducted by Edward Downes left little doubt that there is much fine Prokofiev in the score, as well as a good deal of authentic Tolstoy in the action.

That there remain unanswered questions about the performability of a work by a composer who died in 1953 is, in itself, a measure of the rarity (outside of the Soviet Union) of productions of Prokofiev's magnum opus. The London public had a chance to appraise it last year at the Coliseum, but the United States has yet to hear so comprehensive a treatment as the one just heard and seen in Australia. This valiant effort clearly demonstrates that *War and Peace* is neither unperformable nor unworthy of performance.

Prokofiev undertook his huge task in 1941, out of the conviction that the vastness of Russia would frustrate Hitler as it had Napoleon. He lived not only to see his confidence vindicated but also to realize that the initial impulse dealt with only a portion of Tolstoy's social drama. It is understandable that, in the mood of 1941, the composer and his literary collaborator, Mira Mendelson, should put primary emphasis on the events of 1812. After 1945 they realized that this made more for a tract than a treatment of Tolstoy and went on to add material that embodied peace as well as war. Even a composer of Prokofiev's skill could not equal in music the grim counterpoint of the two that Tolstoy had achieved in words. But he did establish an interplay that is pervasively Russian and thoroughly his own.

This is less a setting of *War and Peace* —if such a thing is conceivable—than an evocation of Tolstoy's vision, a distillation of its flavor. It is less an opera in the conventional sense than a chronicle play such as Musorgski made of Pushkin's *Boris Godunov*. The elemental eloquence that enabled Musorgski to make an all-encompassing, epical figure of Boris was not within Prokofiev's power, nor did he pretend to possess that power. But he commanded a subtle appeal to the heart that pumps a continuous stream of lifegiving blood into characters as various as Bolkonsky and Natasha, Anatole and Bezukhov.

Repeatedly the music reverts to the broad-ranging, melodic surge that characterizes the best works of Prokofiev's last period, including the fifth symphony of 1945 and the ninth piano sonata of 1947. Several of the episodes that derive from Prokofiev's first encounter with the massive subject are vocally dry and talky. But in the present arrangement by Downes, they are absorbed at a point in act 2 by the interest of what precedes and particularly by what follows. Here Prokofiev has risen to a stirring summation of the whole subject in his response to Kutuzov's decision to sacrifice Moscow. The great hymnal tune, in which he embodies the promise of the greater good to follow, returns the last scenes to the heights of human emotion attained in the springtime freshness of the music for Andrei and Natasha in part one.

NO PROPER VERSION of the work can evade the requirements for spectacle posed by its ball scenes, the encampment before Borodino, the rejection of the French occupation by the Muscovites. The deep but narrow stage of the Sydney Opera Theater cramps such spectacles, and even Wanamaker's adroit use of its inner "revolve" (turntable) called for agile footwork on the part of the performers in order to get out of sight at the end of a scene. However, out of his experienced knowledge of such matters, Wanamaker has made spectacle an adjunct of his staging rather than a precondition for its success.

That related largely to his skill in peopling the dozen or so scenes with embodiments of Tolstoy's principal characters, who could be recognized almost without programmatic identification. Among them were Tom McDonnell, an Andrei to the life, imported from the London production to complement such home-grown artists as Eilene Hannan, a most promising lyric soprano, as Natasha; Jennifer Bermingham, a petite Sonya; Grant Dickson as Count Rostov;

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Robert Gard as Anatole; and Ronald Dowd as Count Pierre Bezukhov. Each has the voice for the music and the frame to support Tom Lingwood's evocative costuming. Lingwood was also responsible for the well-considered, if spare, scenery.

The all-redeeming triumph came precisely where it was indispensable: in Neil Warren-Smith's Field Marshal Michael Ilarionovich Kutuzov. In his slumped but still imposing figure, this excellent Australian bass-baritone was a remarkable counterpart to Tolstoy's description of the aging military man who was called back from retirement to organize the resistance at Borodino and who made out of "patience and time" a three-word formula for eventual success. Not many stage directors would conceive of the possibility that the marshal's anguished outcry, "When, oh when, shall we see the end of this terrible strife?" could terminate with Kutuzov immobile, lost in thought, as the orchestra performed Prokofiev's closing commentary. Wanamaker dared it, and Warren-Smith did it, to the credit of both.

Perhaps all too unintentionally, the production of *War and Peace* provided a summation of the virtues and vices of the Sydney Opera Theater. It is a beautiful place in which to hear an opera, a tough place in which to perform one. The $100 million question is, really: Can the Sydney Opera Trust, which operates the theater, muster the courage to invest the *additional* fractional sum required to even out this imbalance? My suggestion: Run another half-dozen lotteries, chop out some seats to enlarge the orchestra pit, maybe even build a car park (for the performers, if not for the public). If Sydney's founding fathers do not comprehend the absolute necessity for such refinement of the present structure, they have not learned the Kutuzov lesson of how a difficult objective can be achieved: only through "patience and time."

IT IS, CURIOUSLY, a lesson already well learned by the civic-minded citizens of Adelaide, 700 miles southwest of Sydney. They have created, for less than a sixth of the amount expended up north ($15 million rather than $100 million), a center for its biennial festival that includes a multipurpose hall seating 2000, an adjacent drama theater for 600, and a separate experimental stage of wholly flexible performing-viewing areas. It will make an excellent home for the ensembles and individuals Adelaide invites from all quarters of the globe every two years, and it will also have an enriching effect on the day-to-day efforts of its resident ensembles, which include a better-than-average orchestra, a rising theatrical company, and a modern-dance group. The acoustics of the main hall were tested and found faultless during Birgit Nilsson's performance in Adelaide of the program she had previously given in Perth.

Rather than take Sydney's path of an international competition for the design of its long-wanted facility, Adelaide entrusted the work to a respected firm of home-based architects headed by E. Colin Hassell. Together with Tom Brown (an Adelaide native now residing in Sydney) as theater consultant, he brought to their problems a worldly-wise knowledge of contemporary practice.

From the Sydney Opera House itself they have borrowed the thought of an angular construction that avoids the square "stage house" elevation characteristic of theaters that have to fly oversized drops. The backstage area has a broad sweep reminiscent of the Pavillion in Los Angeles, but its designers have improved on Becket's prototype by evolving a wholly mobile shell (for orchestral concerts) that can be installed or removed in half an hour, rather than half a day. The ceiling of the auditorium shows ribbed ranks of dark timber, suggestive of those used by Pietro Belluschi in Alice Tully Hall and the Juilliard Theater of Lincoln Center. But the dimly visible open spaces are functional as well as decorative. They serve as a resonance chamber, and their fine effect for music can be rendered less "live"—for purposes of spoken drama—by deployment of heavy drapes on motor-controlled winches.

Oh yes—the Adelaide Festival Center's large hall has a pit for nearly sixty players, with provisions for ninety by the removal of rows of seats that can be depressed out of sight. The stage lacks turntables or other elaborate mechanisms, but the open spaces around the playing area can accommodate six or seven productions *simultaneously*. A bit of folk wisdom on the difference between Australia's two most ambitious new constructions was delivered by a woman I overheard in a Sydney bookstore: "Ours was built from the outside in; theirs was designed from the inside out." Who could have said it better than an Australian? An outsider could capsulize the interrelated circumstances as: War in Sydney, Peace in Adelaide. □

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Did Someone "Out There" Put Us Here?

The multi-orbital travelers of *Skylab III* are back in gravity again, unfazed as Phileas Fogg. Their precious scientific cargo (see Richard S. Lewis's article "The Trouble With Skylab") included more than 75,000 photographs of the sun at its fiery fiercest. In the course of taking these pictures, astronauts Bean, Lousma, and Garriott covered 14 million miles, a distance that—in a straight line (relatively speaking)—would have taken them more than a quarter of the way to the sun itself. While they voyaged through the nearby void, new data came in from the planet Venus. At the same time Russian and American spacecraft were streaking for Mars and Jupiter, and NASA talked of plans to probe Mercury and Saturn. One is reminded of a remark made a few years back by Nobel Prize-winning biologist Joshua Lederberg of Stanford: "Soon the solar system will be our parish."

A number of space scientists now believe that men and women not only will visit the planets one day in person but that our species will break out of the solar system and go on to the stars. No one can yet say precisely how this will be achieved. But a few have suggested a simple possible solution: Someone Out There will show us how.

Most astronomers these days accept the probability that life exists elsewhere in the universe—many places in the universe—and the corollary probability that some of these presumed beings have reached a higher state of intelligence and a considerably more advanced civilization than our own. Serious attempts to contact such advanced civilizations have already been made, and further strategies are being worked out.

How often have you heard it said that life as we know it on earth could not possibly exist in the hostile circumstances of a given planet? On earth organic chemistry is consistent throughout all living systems. The genetically coded information in the DNA molecules of bacteria, barnacles, and baboons is astoundingly similar to that of women and men. Our traditional interpretation of this has been: These characteristics equal life, and without them there can be no life.

In a lively new book called *The Cosmic Connection: An Extraterrestrial Imperative*, Astronomer Carl E. Sagan of Cornell pokes fun at this earthly chauvinism and suggests many possible chemistries for varied kinds of life in a diversity of alien circumstances. As a matter of fact, it is the very sameness of "life as we know it on earth" that has led to some truly brain-addling speculations by scientists in the latest issue of *Icarus: International Journal of Solar System Studies*. Leslie E. Orgel of the Salk Institute has for some time been dissatisfied with current theories that all living creatures derive from precursors of life that sprang into being in the seething primordial atmosphere of early earth. If that was the case, why don't we see creatures with varying genetic codes? Now Orgel, in collaboration with Francis H. C. Crick—who shared the Nobel Prize with James D. Watson for elucidating the architecture of the DNA molecule—has offered a new theory: "directed panspermia."

In the first panspermia theory, put forth in 1908 by the Swedish chemist Svante Arrhenius, the earth was seeded inadvertently by living cells wandering at random through the cosmos. But Crick and Orgel see no reason why the seeding couldn't have been deliberate. Some technologically advanced civilization may have "infected" earth, perhaps as an experiment. That could explain why we have only one genetic code.

If advanced beings do live somewhere Out There and are capable of reaching us, then why haven't we seen or heard from them, other than via elusive and controversial "flying saucer" sightings? The question has often been asked in recent years, and diverse answers have been offered. Now, in this same issue of *Icarus*, John A. Ball suggests that the only reasonable explanation for non-communication is that "they" are deliberately avoiding us. But why?

Well, we on earth are familiar with zoos, wildlife sanctuaries, monkey colonies, bird preserves, tribal reservations, and the like. We put creatures—animals as well as humans—in isolated circumstances or in their "natural habitats" so we can study or preserve them. Ball speculates that we ourselves might be serving some such purpose.

If either of these theories is correct, men and women are creatures that exist solely for the experimental diversion of beings who—at best—observe us with the cool detachment of an entomologist studying an ant colony.

Remember the strange monolith in Stanley Kubrick's *2001*, left on the moon by never-seen beings millions of years earlier to signal them of man's arrival on the lunar surface? Arthur C. Clarke, who co-authored *2001*, says he and Kubrick never tried to visualize or explain these beings for one simple reason: They would be utterly beyond human imagining, and anything they could do would have to seem like magic to us. To attribute to them motivations similar to man's—as these theorists do—is thus at least as chauvinistic as the notion that life can exist only as it is organized on earth.

I remember, as a child, being puzzled by the readiness of people (and Bibles) to attribute all-too-human motivations to God. I thought of that the other night when I was chatting about all this with a non-scientific friend, who finally commented: "As an early reader of the Book of Genesis, I'm somehow not surprised at the idea that Someone Out There put us here. And if such a magical, mysterious, and powerful intelligence exists that is utterly beyond human imagining, can you give me a good reason why I shouldn't call it God?" I could give him no good reason why not.

ALBERT ROSENFELD
Science Editor

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The Trouble With Skylab

It has established man's capability for interplanetary travel, which society may not want and can ill afford.

By Richard S. Lewis

Next to Project Apollo, with its six lunar landings, the Skylab project is the most ambitious and far-ranging experiment in the history of exploration. It is designed to investigate man's ability to make long space voyages and to do useful work in the new environment of zero gravity.

With two-thirds of the experiment completed, this capability appears to have been established. The question is, Who needs it? The answer is important. It involves a consistent, long-range science policy that is not turned off or on with changes in the national mood or administration.

In the present uncertain relationship between science and government in the United States, science policy in any range, long or short, is a study in chaos. It leaves the $2.6 billion *Skylab* hanging, one might say, and turning slowly in the solar wind.

In the orbital laboratory, developed from the empty hydrogen fuel tank of the third stage of the *Saturn V* rocket, the experimental animals are nine astronauts. So far, six of them have spent a total of 87½ days in the 118-foot tank, revolving around the earth at an altitude of 270 miles. Three more were scheduled to be boosted up to it November 11 for another fifty-six days to finish the experiment.

Of critical importance to the experiment are changes in blood pressure, heart rate, bone density, muscle mass, blood chemistry, and capacity to do work over a period of time. They indicate how the human primate fares in the extraterrestrial environment of zero G.

The trouble with Project Skylab is that the context in which these data are essential—a program of interplanetary exploration and extended operations in earth orbit—has been buried under an avalanche of sociopolitical and economic problems. It was one of the early casualties of the counterscientific revolution that has swept over America in its time of troubles.

NASA

Charles Conrad, Jr.—Commander of NASA's earth-orbiting, Skylab II mission.

Nevertheless, part of the answer *Skylab* was built to seek is in. The first mission of twenty-eight days (May 25 to June 22) and the second one of 59½ days (July 28 to September 25) indicate that physiologically a trained and healthy man of no more than middle age can tolerate long stays in zero gravity and recover from its effects in a relatively short time when he returns to earth.

Partial medical results from *Skylab* confirm the indications of earlier Gemini and Apollo flights that man adapts to zero gravity by losing muscle and bone mass. In the absence of gravitational stress, his cardiovascular system becomes deconditioned. For about seven days after he returns to earth, his white blood cells do not respond to pathogenic challenges as well as before the flight. He may lose about 14 percent of his red blood cells, equivalent to a pint of blood, and about 4 percent of his blood plasma.

These are some of the preliminary medical results of *Skylab*, as disclosed informally at press conferences, by staff physicians of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. They have not been reported to the journals and will not be until a vast amount of data has been analyzed. But the NASA organization, which is mainly engineering oriented, has drawn several conclusions.

The most interesting, perhaps, is that with specialized training and diet and lots of in-flight exercise pumping a stationary bicycle, the "zero gravity adaptation syndrome" can be moderated or retarded so that the crew can re-adapt to gravitation in a few weeks.

This conclusion confirms a long-held NASA hypothesis, based on the twelve- to fourteen-day flights in Apollo and Gemini spacecraft, that manned interplanetary journeys requiring months in free fall are physically feasible. That is, astronauts can fly to Mars on an eight-month, low-energy trajectory and be able to stay on their feet when they land. At least, they should be able to adapt to Martian gravity (two-fifths that of earth) fast enough to perform lunar-style exploration before it is time to come home. Otherwise, interplanetary voyaging and long hours in earth orbit are pointless. At the Marshall Space Flight Center in Huntsville, Alabama, where *Skylab* and the mighty *Saturn V* launch vehicle were born, the prospect of providing artificial gravity by spinning the vessel has been studied carefully. In the present state of the art of space-vehicle construction, and considering cost constraints, this technique does not appear feasible.

While the astronaut may do quite well on Mars, he had better watch his step when he returns to earth's 1 G, NASA doctors warn. He risks breaking his calcium-depleted bones with even a little fall if he tries to use his phosphorous- and nitrogen-depleted muscles too soon after landing.

The twenty-eight- and fifty-nine-day tours not only indicated the feasibility of long space flights but also demonstrated in a dramatic way the usefulness of man on a scientific satellite. Working in bulky space suits outside the laboratory, both crews made emergency repairs, without which the multibillion-dollar vessel would have become a derelict.

These accomplishments would have been more exciting if the context in which they were relevant had survived the whims of change. The Skylab project was the key to determining the feasibility of the post-Apollo blueprint for space exploration, which was drawn in

Richard S. Lewis is editor of the Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists.

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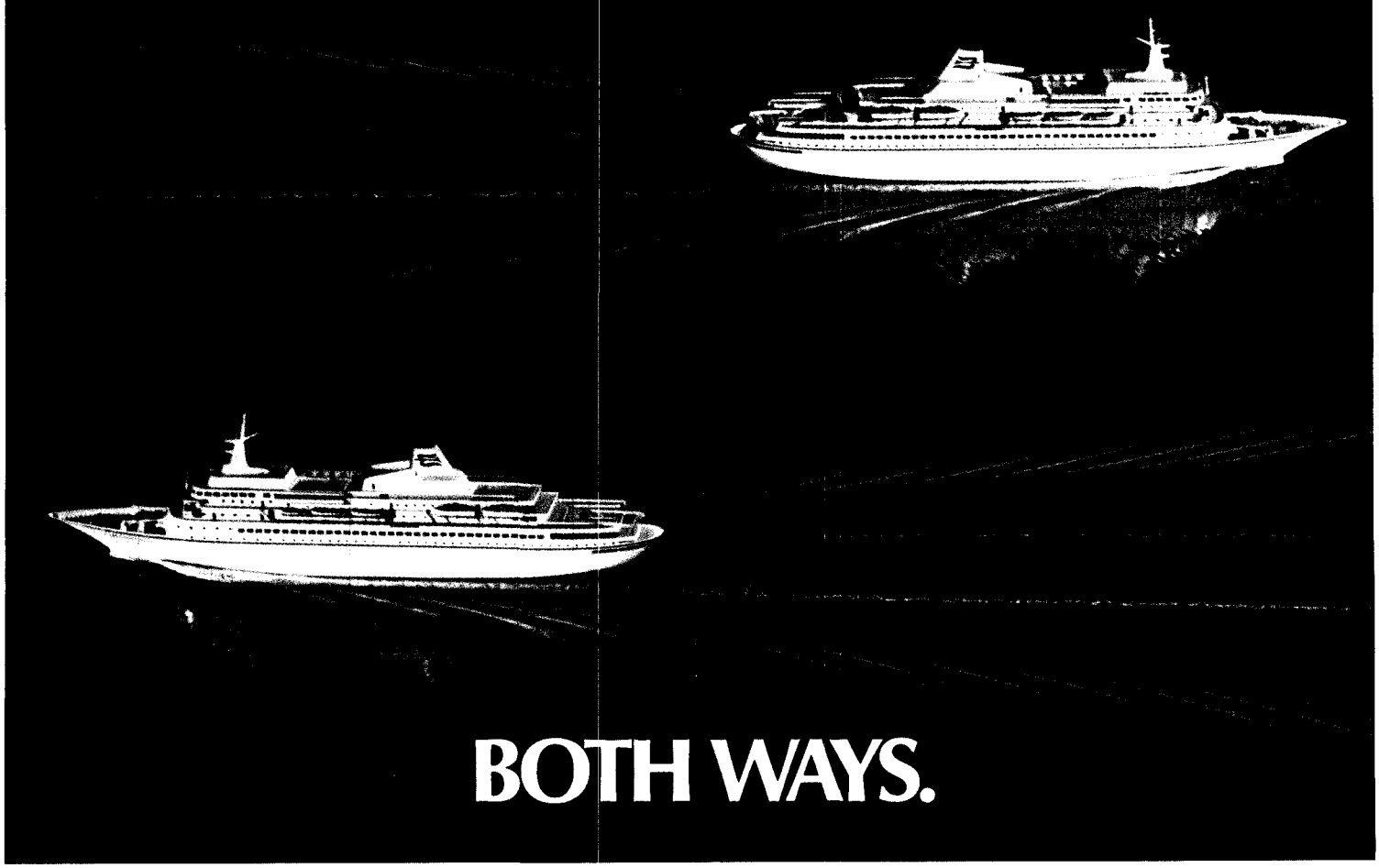

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1969 by a presidential Space Task Group. The plan called for a manned landing on Mars, the construction of a 50- to 100-man space station in earth orbit, and the establishment of scientific bases, Antarctic style, on the moon to support a long-term geological survey.

This grand design for a thirty-year space program, to be funded at five to eight billion dollars a year, was made public in the fall of 1969 before the euphoria generated by the first lunar landing had passed. In that mood it seemed to be an acceptable challenge to American technology, which the aerospace industry was only too eager to accept.

The Space Task Group report to President Nixon said: "As a focus for the development of new capability, we recommend that the United States accept the long-range option or goal of manned planetary exploration, with a manned Mars mission before the end of this century as the first target."

Who recommended this? The STG chairman was former Vice President Spiro T. Agnew. Members were Lee A. DuBridge, then White House science adviser and former president of the California Institute of Technology; Robert C. Seamans, Jr., former secretary of the Air Force and president of the National Academy of Engineering; and Thomas O. Paine, then administrator of NASA, who later rejoined the General Electric Company.

THIS IS THE CONTEXT in which *Skylab* became a *sine qua non* experiment. The effects of the zero-gravity syndrome were known only up to the period of two weeks. There were no U.S. data beyond it, and Russian data were incomplete.

Twice the Soviet Union had tried to perform long-duration space-flight experiments in its bus-sized space station, *Salyut*. In June 1971 three cosmonauts, Georgy Dobrovolsky, Vladislav Volkov, and Viktor Patsayev, spent 23½ days orbiting the earth in *Salyut I*. The full effects of that experience on them we shall never know. They perished, presumably of suffocation, on the trip home, when a catastrophic loss of pressure occurred in the cabin of their *Soyuz II* spacecraft before or during re-entry.

In April 1973 the Soviet space agency launched *Salyut II* into orbit. Before a crew could be sent up to occupy it, the station became unmanageable and had to be abandoned.

Skylab nearly suffered a similar fate when it was launched May 14. A minute after lift-off from Cape Kennedy, Florida, the .025-inch-thick aluminum meteoroid shield was ripped off by unexpected air pressure. It sheared away one of the two thirty-one-foot solar power wings and jammed the second one so that it could not open out to the sun. This accident cut *Skylab*'s electric power supply in half. It also exposed the forty-eight-foot Orbital Workshop tank to full sunlight. The meteoroid shield had been painted to reflect sunshine in order to control interior temperature. With its loss, the Workshop quickly overheated to the point where it became uninhabitable, and food, medicine, and film were threatened with spoilage.

After ten days of agonizing appraisal, NASA launched navy Capt. Charles Conrad, Jr., navy Commander Joseph Weitz, and Joseph Kerwin, M.D., in an Apollo spacecraft to board *Skylab* and try to repair it. There were 270 scheduled experiments on the mission. This was an unscheduled one, Experiment 271, the most crucial of all.

The crewmen managed to free the remaining solar power wing, restoring enough electrical power to run the Workshop. They raised a twenty-two-by-twenty-four-foot nylon and aluminized mylar parasol on a pole over the Workshop to shade it and the crew quarters from the fierce sun. The temperature within gradually fell to 75 degrees, from peaks of more than 100.

This canopy was replaced on the *Skylab III* mission by marine Maj. Jack R. Lousma and Owen K. Garriott, Ph.D., an electrical engineer, in the second crew under the command of navy Capt. Alan L. Bean. Lousma and Garriott worked for six hours on the outside hull to install the permanent sunshade.

Except for Lousma, who is thirty-seven, these men are in their early forties. Thus, the finding that human primates can tolerate long periods of zero gravity applies to middle-aged men. Because of the years of education and training required for astronauts, this is the age group that is likely to make the Mars mission—if one is made.

Two indications have been reported from the physiological assessments of both crews by Dr. W. Royce Hawkins, the deputy director of life sciences at the Johnson Space Center in Houston, and his staff.

The more exercise a crewman took, the better his physical condition appeared to be at the end of the flight. On the *Skylab II* mission, Conrad performed the most exercise and landed in the best shape, while Kerwin, who took the least exercise, was rated number three in physical condition. On the average the *Skylab III* crew took an hour a day more exercise than did their predecessors. Although the crewmen suffered motion sickness during the first few days of the flight, they were reported to be healthier and in better condition after 59½ days in zero gravity than their predecessors were after only 28 days.

Another important indication appeared on the longer mission. After the thirty-ninth day in orbit, the heart rate and blood pressure of the *Skylab III* crew, which had been intermittently erratic during exercise, appeared to stabilize. Hawkins and his colleagues feel it is too soon to tell whether the thirty-ninth day represents a plateau in the adaptation process. The *Skylab IV* flight of fifty-six days (November 11 to January 6) with marine Lt. Col. Gerald P. Carr, air

"He wants you to notice his tie."

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force Lt. Col. William Pogue, and Edward G. Gibson, Ph.D., a physicist, might confirm or deny this prospect. NASA is being urged to extend the mission to January 19 so that the crew can observe the incoming comet named Kohoutek (for its discoverer, Lubos Kohoutek, a Czech-born astronomer at the Hamburg, Germany, observatory). The comet, which will be visible to the naked eye in mid-November, is expected to become the most brilliant object in the night sky, except for the moon, about mid-January. It offers a historic opportunity for men to observe the structure of a comet with the imposing array of telescopic instruments on *Skylab*'s Apollo Telescope Mount (ATM).

The arrival of the comet is a piece of pure serendipity for *Skylab*. It underscores the value of a manned orbital observatory. The eight solar telescopes and cameras in the ATM have made more than 77,000 photographic and electronic observations of the sun. In these data, brought back by the *Skylab II* crew, solar physicists see structures and phenomena never seen before. According to Robert W. Noyes, associate director of the Smithsonian Center for Astrophysics in Cambridge, Massachusetts, the ATM photos and related data are bound to produce a revolution in solar physics.

Beyond the atmosphere the ATM telescopes and cameras can see the sun across most of the electromagnetic spectrum. They can photograph it, automatically or by human direction, in visible light, in the ultraviolet, and in X rays. The ATM's solar coronagraph makes it possible to observe the corona on a day-to-day basis, without waiting for a solar eclipse to reveal that fiery glow beyond the solar disk.

In examining some of the 4300 images of the corona returned from *Skylab II*, Robert M. MacQueen of the High Altitude Observatory in Boulder, Colorado, found that the corona was "a dynamic beast," more active than many experts had believed. In the light of ionized helium, a great hole—a dark area—appeared in the corona. Richard Tousey of the Naval Research Laboratory saw evidence that the hole extended well below the corona, deep into the lower part of the sun's atmosphere. Was this a source of the solar wind—the wind of nuclear particles that blows between the worlds?

On September 7 Owen Garriott had a front-row seat from which to watch one of the greatest solar flares of the year. Its entire development was photographed. Johnson Space Center scientists estimated that the flare put out as much energy as the present population of the earth would use, at current rates, in 500 years.

With the vehicle's orbit inclined fifty degrees to the equator, *Skylab* crews had fine views on clear days of most of the planet's inhabited regions. Extended poor weather prevented the *Skylab II* crew from doing a great deal of ground photography, but the *Skylab III* team took more than 16,000 photos of crop and forest conditions, sea states and currents, cloud patterns, weather fronts, storms, and hurricanes. The crew photographed the Wabash River Valley in Indiana simultaneously with the Earth Resources Technology Satellite and aircraft. The experiment might indicate which observing system is the more useful. The region of the San Andreas fault near San Francisco, bay pollution, and snow in the Cascade Mountains were photographed in infrared. The crew found evidence of mineral deposits in Nevada.

These earth-resources experiments are one of NASA's trumps in justifying the cost of *Skylab*—and possible future stations—to Congress. They are relevant to human welfare, an argument difficult to counter in the relevancy-oriented atmosphere of science funding. The solar-physics experiments had this kind of relevance, too. Physicist Tousey told a press conference at Cape Kennedy that solar studies could make it possible to predict long-term climatic changes. "Perhaps we may be able also to predict shorter-term climatic changes or even weather changes by seeing what goes on at the surface of the sun," he said.

From the viewpoint of economic relevance, the most practical experiments were those testing techniques of welding, brazing, and materials processing in zero gravity and vacuum. If Arabella, the astrospider, could weave her web in free fall, without gravitational orientation, man could learn the construction business there, too. He could build huge collectors of solar energy to beam power to the ground. He could assemble a massive space station, such as the one visualized by the Space Task Group.

Moreover, zero gravity might be the optimum environment for making crystals of high purity for semiconductors, special alloys, superconductors, and perfectly spherical ball bearings. Under the influence of gravity, convection currents and the settling of heavier materials in alloys containing metals of different densities reduce the strength and purity of the product. These tests presaged the beginnings of space industry, operating in zero gravity.

On *Skylab II* Conrad reported that electron-beam welding and brazing could be done in zero gravity and vacuum conditions even better than on earth, according to Ernst Stuhlinger, the Marshall Space Flight Center's associate director for science.

As the third crew prepares for launching, *Skylab* has shown what it was designed to show—that man can live and do useful work in the new environment of zero gravity. Once across that frontier, he can become an interplanetary voyager, if society can afford it.

Ironically, the time when this information was of critical significance has passed. The grand design in which it fits has been pushed into the next century. Project Skylab is too late and too soon. In the present it is an anomaly. No one can say at this writing whether it is a beginning or an end. □

"I'm telling you we're living in the most surrealistic of times. I never thought I'd be disagreeing with Barry Goldwater."

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How Soon the Sun: A Timetable for Solar Energy

By John F. Henahan

Paris

In the face of the rapidly evolving energy crisis, a growing number of "solar lobbyists" are urgently attempting to sketch out a reasonable timetable for utilizing the immense energy of the sun to produce heat and electricity and, at the same time, to reduce the drain on our dwindling supplies of conventional fuels.

The energy that reaches the earth's surface every year from that huge generator in the sky is equivalent to the energy released by the burning of 1.2×10^{14} (120 trillion) tons of coal—about twenty-five times the world's estimated total coal reserves. Further, the energy of the sun is available in essentially infinite supply, and it is cleaner than any other energy source now being used.

Any timetable for tapping the power of the sun in a practical way is clouded by two troublesome realizations. First, the sun's energy is so diffuse that it first must be concentrated into spaces small enough to do some good. Second, there is the problem of supplying power when the sun is not shining. Underlying both problems—neither of them insurmountable—is the main question: Can solar energy be made practical at a price anyone can afford?

Depending on just how man plans to use the sun, some applications appear closer to realization than others. For example, the solar energy panel created in 1972 by the National Science Foundation and the National Aeronautics and Space Administration recently concluded that within the next five to ten years it would be technologically feasible to use solar energy to heat and cool buildings.

Assuming a research and development expenditure of about $100 million, the panel estimates that solar heating and cooling could be installed in 1 percent of the nation's buildings by 1985, in 10 percent of the buildings by the year 2000, and in over 35 percent by 2020. In the process $2 billion that ordinarily would be spent on coal, oil, and natural gas could be saved.

John F. Henahan is a free-lance science writer. His report grew out of information gathered at this year's UNESCO conference on "The Sun in the Service of Mankind."

At least twenty individually built houses in the United States are presently using the sun to reduce their heating bills by substantial amounts. In most cases the roofs of these houses are covered with flat glass or plastic collectors, which trap the sun's heat underneath, much as a greenhouse does. The trapped thermal energy is then used to heat air or water, which in turn acts to heat the house. For use at night or on cloudy days, the thermal energy is usually stored in insulated water tanks or in bins containing gravel or some other heat absorber.

Cooling a house with solar energy is more complicated. In one of the simplest approaches, hot water heated by the sun's rays is used to run a more or less conventional air-conditioning unit.

Dr. George Löf, a solar energy pioneer who has been living in his own solar-heated house in Denver for the last fifteen years, recently calculated that with present-day technology, solar heating in eight American cities that receive widely differing amounts of sunlight would cost less than electrical heating.

THE DELAWARE SOLAR HOUSE: In an experimental house recently constructed at the University of Delaware's Institute of Energy Conversion in Newark, an estimated 80 percent of the electrical, heating, and air-conditioning needs will be supplied by solar energy. Electricity for lighting and household utilities is produced when the light energy of the sun falls on solar cells on the roof of the 1500–square-foot house. What is not used immediately can be stored for use at night or on cloudy days in lead-acid batteries similar to those now used in automobiles.

According to Dr. Karl Böer, director of the institute, the rooftop solar cells, made of cadmium sulphide and copper sulphide, could be mass-produced more cheaply than the extremely expensive solar cells now providing much of the power for the U.S space program.

The heating and cooling system for the Delaware house is considerably more sophisticated than those now used in other solar houses. On sunny winter days air that has been heated by solar collectors on the roof is fed into basement containers filled with various chemical salts. The salts, which melt in the process, store heat for evening use. In the summer the system works in reverse, says Dr. Böer. The cool incoming night air *freezes* a mixture of salts that cools the warm air coming in during the day.

Dr. Böer maintains that if similar combined solar-electrical heating-cooling systems could be produced in quantities of about 10,000 per year, they could deliver heat, cooling, and electricity for what electricity will cost in the late 1970s, i.e., about double the present cost. Conceivably, he says, large solar energy compa-

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nies similar to the telephone companies could install domestic solar power units and charge us for service, just as they now charge for telephone service.

POWER PLANTS IN THE SKY: Among the loftiest thinkers in the solar energy confraternity is Dr. Peter Glaser of Arthur D. Little, Inc., in Cambridge, Massachusetts. He suggests that we might get our electrical power from huge satellite solar power stations (SSPS) weighing some 25 million pounds and orbiting the earth at a distance of some 22,300 miles. Dr. Glaser estimates that his power plant in the sky could generate 5000 megawatts of electrical power, enough to meet the annual needs of 10 million people.

In the SSPS, electrical power would be generated by two large solar panels—each about ten square miles in area—consisting of millions of lightweight solar cells and surrounded by reflecting mirrors. Electricity produced by the silicon solar cells would then be converted to microwaves and beamed back to a receiving antenna on earth. There the microwaves would be reconverted to electricity and distributed to the consumer.

Providing that someone is willing to pay the estimated billion-dollar bill, an operating prototype of the SSPS could be in orbit by the early 1990s, Dr. Glaser predicts. He admits, however, that his prediction depends somewhat on whether the efficiency of solar cells can be increased significantly and manufacturing costs can be reduced to about one-hundredth of the present cost.

As for getting the SSPS into orbit, Dr. Glaser is counting on the space-shuttle program now being planned by NASA for the 1980s. The components of the system would be sent via some 500 conventional rocket flights to a platform in low orbit, where they would be partially assembled. They would then be carried the rest of the way by new types of as yet untested ion chemical rockets.

ANSWER TO MIDDLETON DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 36

H(EINRICH) BÖLL:
GROUP PORTRAIT WITH LADY

I was gone eleven years, a prisoner of war—in Russia, where I strummed away, far, far below my level . . . —dance music, hit tunes—terrible stuff; do you know what it means for an 'intimidating music critic' to play 'Lili Marlene' about six times a day?

SOLAR FARMS: Equal in magnitude of concept but different in principle from Dr. Glaser's space-going power plant is the "solar farm" idea first proposed by Dr. Aiden Meinel and his wife, Marjorie, about two years ago. Dr. Meinel is currently director of the Optical Sciences Center at the University of Arizona in Tucson. The Meinels favor an indirect "photothermal approach" in which the concentrated heat of the sun is used to boil water or some other fluid, which is then used to run the steam turbines of an electric power plant.

The Meinels propose that if solar collectors were spread out over a total area of 15,000 square miles in the sunny Southwest, the solar farms could develop an electrical capacity of 1 million megawatts, enough to take care of this country's entire electrical requirements between now and the year 2000. Here the problem is to develop solar collector panels that will absorb the sun's heat without losing much of the energy as infrared radiation.

THE NATURAL APPROACH: Some solar enthusiasts insist that we scrap all those fancy ideas of orbiting power plants and solar farms in favor of using the photosynthetic energy of the sun to grow plants that eventually could be used as fuels.

For example, Dr. George Szego of the Intertechnology Corporation advocates setting aside "energy plantations" consisting of nothing more technically dazzling than a forest. The wood from the trees would be cut into chips and burnt with minimal air pollution in electrical power plants. Harvesting the wood, says Dr. Szego, would have a much less serious environmental effect than strip-mining or oil-well drilling.

Another natural approach is to use the sun's energy to spur the growth of large amounts of algae in ponds, the algae serving as a source of methane, the chief component of natural gas. Similarly, some organic materials produced by photosynthesis can be converted to burnable gas and oil by heating them at high temperatures.

HOW SOON THE SUN? Toting up the NASA-NSF solar panel's estimates for the various approaches covered in this article, solar energy in the next thirty years could provide at least 35 percent of the heating and cooling for future buildings, more than 30 percent of our gaseous-fuel needs, and over 30 percent of our electrical-power needs.

Because we already know that there are no real technical obstacles to using the sun to make heat and electricity, the accuracy of the timetable ultimately will depend on economic realities. But because most economic evaluations of large solar energy systems (i.e., the solar farm and SSPS) are based on hypothetical mass-production schemes, anticipated rises in fuel costs, and other unknowns, working prototypes must be built and paid for before a more realistic idea of costs becomes possible.

Again, prototypes take time and money. Assuming a billion-dollar expenditure for a prototype solar power plant or solar farm, and recognizing that it takes about fifteen years to develop one suitably, we certainly must spend more on solar energy if we are serious about it. The projected federal R & D budget for all types of solar energy work in 1974 is $12 million, spread rather thinly throughout the nation's laboratories. This is far below the level of support given to nuclear power plants. Even so, it has taken nuclear power thirty years to reach its present low level of use throughout the country. In addition, the utility companies that stand to benefit most from solar energy are scarcely enthusiastic about its prospects; they seem to hope that traditional energy sources will somehow suffice.

Other solar energy experts believe that making sun power work will require not only time and money but also completely new approaches to architecture, building codes, and construction practices. Along those lines, the Environmental Quality Laboratory of the California Institute of Technology, along with the Jet Propulsion Laboratory and the Southern California Gas Company, plans to install experimental solar heating systems in three new apartment buildings in the Los Angeles area. If the systems work out, they could supply up to 80 percent of the apartments' water- and space-heating needs.

Beyond that, Caltech's Dr. Jerome Weingart sees the project as a hopeful, perhaps trend-setting, sign that the utilities are beginning to see the solar light after all. "This may be the first time that a major utility has teamed up with a university research program in the area of solar water and space heating, with the idea that it could become a significant opportunity for them," he says. "I suspect that a year ago we couldn't have interested any utility anywhere in this sort of thing." □

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Double-Crostic No. 37

by Thomas H. Middleton

1 E	2 G	3 C	4 F	5 P	6 Z	7 H		8 I	9 E	10 W		11 W	12 B	13 J		14 A								
15 V		16 L	17 H	18 D	19 U	20 M	21 N		22 I	23 Z		24 W	25 I	26 B	27 P	28 J								
	29 U	30 I	31 A	32 L	33 E	34 B		35 F	36 M	37 Z¹		38 K	39 O	40 D	41 X	42 I								
43 L		44 Q	45 W	46 V		47 F	48 S	49 M		50 Z	51 V	52 Z¹	53 U	54 I	55 G	56 D								
	57 M	58 X		59 V		60 O	61 Z¹	62 K	63 T	64 S	65 M	66 V		67 W	68 E	69 D								
	70 I	71 Z		72 T		73 B	74 P	_	75 O	76 S	_	77 J	78 X	79 R	80 G	81 K								
82 N	83 A	84 Q		85 M	86 U	87 Z¹	88 O	89 X	90 T	91 E		92 E	93 O	94 V		95 Y								
96 B	97 Q		98 T	99 A	100 N	101 G	102 Z	103 V	104 M	105 P		106 X	107 P	108 K		109 Y								
110 S	111 B	112 C	113 F		114 Y	115 I	116 D		117 V	118 R	119 Z		120 B	121 G	122 N	123 F								
124 X		125 A	126 T	127 V	128 P	129 Q	130 X	131 K		132 D	133 V	134 R	135 X		136 Q	137 B								
138 G	139 K		140 S	141 E	142 H		143 S		144 K	145 G	146 J	147 I	148 X	149 B	150 E	151 M								
	152 R	153 P	154 T		155 V	156 Q	157 H	158 C	159 N		160 P	161 W	162 E		163 V	164 Q								
165 R	166 G	167 Y	168 J	169 M	170 D		171 S	172 L		173 C	174 K	175 I	176 R	177 W	178 T	179 P								
180 Z		181 E	182 Q	183 Z	184 D	185 G	186 R	187 S		188 M	189 L	190 B	191 K	192 H	193 V	194 Z¹								

INSTRUCTIONS

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the words correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the words you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what word a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each word, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from words to diagram and from diagram to words, until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES	WORDS
A. "Oil" or "farm," for instance	83 99 125 14 31
B. Sweeten; free from acids by washing	34 73 96 149 190 12 26 111 120 137
C. Destitute; empty	158 173 3 112
D. Emanating, outgoing	116 132 170 184 18 40 56 69
E. Very close, as in a competition (3 wds.)	91 150 181 9 33 141 162 68 1 92
F. Played and released abruptly and without resonance (*music*)	113 123 4 35 47
G. Scotch furnace (2 wds.)	55 80 101 121 138 145 166 185 2
H. Difficult or intricate point, situation, etc.	7 17 142 157 192
I. Clue	22 30 147 175 8 25 42 54 70 115
J. Giving information of recent events	146 168 13 28 77
K. Coventry	108 131 139 174 191 38 62 81 144
L. Tantalus's daughter, turned to stone by Zeus	172 189 32 16 43
M. Brain	65 151 85 104 188 20 36 169 57 49
N. Usually white heron	82 100 122 159 21
O. Italian missionary (1552–1610); founded mission in Peking	39 75 88 60 93
P. Huge temple complex in Cambodia (2 wds.)	128 153 160 5 74 105 107 179 27
Q. Anything conceived as springing from a main stock	182 136 84 129 44 156 164 97
R. Nation on the southern boundary of Rio Grande do Sul	134 186 79 176 165 152 118
S. Subtract (2 wds.)	76 140 64 110 143 48 171 187
T. Norman leader in the first crusade (1076–1112)	98 72 178 63 126 90 154
U. "How now, you secret, black, and midnight __!" (*Macbeth*)	86 29 19 53
V. Pretty as paint (4 wds.)	51 59 46 155 133 66 94 103 117 15 163 127 193
W. *Sentiment*, view	161 24 45 10 177 67 11
X. Resembled, followed (2 wds.)	106 78 148 89 41 58 130 124 135
Y. Beer ingredient	109 114 95 167
Z. Momentous	6 50 119 23 102 71 183 180
Z¹. Money (English slang)	52 61 87 37 194

Answer to *Double-Crostic No. 36* appears on page 66.

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(**Report:** *continued from page 10.*)
a detachment of Republican troops and various military targets, it was not a suitable experimental site for terror air raids; that the pattern of destruction—few craters, many buildings gutted but with walls left standing—was not consonant with bombing; and that the *rojos* had burned other towns in northern Spain under similar circumstances. He supported his points with military field dispatches, memoirs, and reports from British and French journalists, who were as strongly divided over the Guernica affair as over the Spanish war in general.

Bolin's book was published in England and the United States and sold more copies in each than it did in Spain. Bolin's son, a Madrid magazine executive, says that when he tried to get the book published in France and Germany after his father's death, he was turned down for "political" reasons. "In France they told me straight out, 'We cannot publish a book from the Nationalist side. We cannot publish anything that smells of fascism.' And while I had no trouble finding a U.S. publisher [Lippincott], many bookstores there refused to handle the book."

In 1970 Bolin's version was challenged by the first book in Spanish to state flatly that German bombers were responsible. The author was Vicente Talon, a free-wheeling correspondent for the Madrid daily, *Pueblo*. Talon's research was painstaking, and his conclusions knocked down a couple of the liberals' cherished claims about the tragedy; e.g., between 210 and 250 people were killed, the rest having fled before the attack or stayed out of town altogether on that market day. But he placed the responsibility squarely on the Germans.

Talking with Talon recently in his Madrid apartment, I asked if that wasn't a rather serious challenge to the Franco regime. "Serious, yes," he said, "but it's the truth. The Nationalists didn't even know about the attack in advance. When General Mola entered Guernica after its destruction, he couldn't believe an air raid had done it. The Nationalists had to find an explanation for what had happened." Talon's book did not have a second printing, and the decision, he is convinced, was not made on commercial grounds: "It was clearly not good for my health to have more than one edition."

Neither Bolin's nor Talon's book stirred appreciable interest among the keepers of Guernica, the Symbol. Ironically, that was left to a much slighter effort, an article that appeared early this year in the conservative journal *National Review*. Entitled "The Great Guernica Fraud," it was written by a Dartmouth English professor named Jeffrey Hart. Hart had done no original research on the matter and had not been to Guernica. He had read the Bolin book and had been impressed by its politics as well as its documentation (he believes that Franco was "the preferable alternative" in the civil war). Hart leans heavily on Bolin and also debunks Picasso and his painting; the latter, he says, was the result of clever manipulations by a "shadowy genius" named Willi Muenzenberg, a Paris-based Communist who directed propaganda for the Spanish Republic.

The Hart essay raised a small tempest. The U.S. representative of the Basque government in exile denounced it as "a piece of Franco claptrap." *National Review* received so much mail that it ran a "Guernica follow-up," consisting of four letters and Hart's replies. German and East European publications reprinted the essay, with approving comments and sharp rebuttals, respectively. Despite the political appeal of this particular debunking, Hart professes a mainly intellectual interest in the subject. "I am concerned with the way in which events become myths and acquire great emotional significance," he says. "Some people would say the resurrection of Christ was such a myth."

THE PEOPLE OF GUERNICA would consider such a comparison offensive, if not blasphemous. This is a simple town, conscious of its place in history but devoid of pretensions toward martyrdom. Guernica has been so completely rebuilt that to find evidence of the destruction, one needs an experienced guide. Thanks to the Basque liberal underground, I had just such a guide—a native Guernican who is an attorney and an amateur historian.

Sitting in his dim, cool office, my guide talked of the destruction wrought by German planes. Talon was right, he said. About two hundred of the three to four thousand inhabitants had died; the number was low because the center of town, where an estimated 90 percent of the buildings had been destroyed, was almost deserted at the time of the raid. Reconstruction? He laughed mirthlessly. The government began that in 1940—and proceeded to restore only one street and a few municipal buildings along it. "The rest was done bit by bit by the people themselves."

We walked through the rebuilt downtown area on a sunny Saturday morning, weeping willows shading a small park, a church bell softly clanging the hour, the buildings displaying a strikingly uniform age for a provincial Spanish town. My guide led me behind a new apartment house to a pile of rubble, which is the last remaining evidence of the destruction; nearby is a wall bearing numerous bullet holes. He pointed to Monte Kosnoaga, a hill at the edge of town, from whose summit Republican troops waved a huge Basque flag to warn of the approaching planes. We looked at the historic oak, now a mere trunk, that escaped damage during the attack (a fact that the revisionists take as evidence of an "inside job"). And we walked past La Parroquia de Santa María, a church that for years now has been the site of an annual secret mass, mourning the victims.

The restaurant where I ate lunch has, as one of its few adornments, a print of the Picasso painting.* My companions were two young Basque nationalists and two elderly men; one of the latter had been stationed in Guernica as a Republican soldier, while the other had been a resident of nearby Bermeo. The Bermeo man recalled sighting the planes as they passed overhead on their way from Guernica. "The Bermeo people were terror stricken. Durango [another small Basque town] had already been bombed by the Fascists, and we didn't know what to expect." The former soldier said the planes came in "at perhaps a thousand meters. Some of them dove on us. I counted twelve passes in all." The Republican garrison in Guernica was without anti-aircraft guns. "So, what could we soldiers do? We stayed hidden. Some of the bombs were incendiaries, and they filled the air with black smoke. It was afternoon, but the only illumination seemed to come from the fiery buildings."

WHAT HAPPENED AT GUERNICA? Both the weight of the evidence and the credibility of witnesses on the opposing sides lead to the conclusion that the town was bombed by the Germans and perhaps by the Italians as well. Some of the amateur historian-polemicists who have entered

* For three decades after the event, Picasso's rendering was unofficially outlawed in Spain. Nowadays it is not unusual to see it on the wall of a café or an apartment, silent evidence of the regime's spasmodic relaxation of its broad powers of censorship.

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the controversy say the Italians bombed the downtown area, while the Germans, good soldiers that they were, bombed only legitimate military targets. (Curiously, they destroyed none of those targets, which included a pistol factory, a cannon-barrel works, and a bridge controlling the eastern access to the town.) One reply to *National Review* came from a young New York attorney, who suggested that there was some bombing and that the *rojos* completed the job on the ground, a theory that spreads the blame but has little else to commend it.

Why was the place bombed? Basque nationalists are convinced it was done to break the spirit of Basque military resistance—and, along the way, of stubborn Basque separatism—by delivering, as my Guernica guide phrased it, "*un golpe* ['a blow'] to the center of our heart." Certainly the Guernica bombing was more than a military mission. Waves of bombers, attacking over a three-hour period, would hardly be needed to attack such paltry targets.

Finally, a question familiar to Watergate watchers: Did Franco know? Basques and many others with whom I spoke are positive he did. They argue that the German air units were operating under overall Spanish authority and would not have conducted an unauthorized attack of such magnitude. However, the Germans could have acted without even notifying Franco. Their modern weaponry was vital to his chances for victory.

German sources have not been enlightening on any of these questions. For every former Luftwaffe officer or document admitting German responsibility, there is another one denying it. A West German military commission has at long last been investigating the Guernica episode, and its report is expected shortly. Unfortunately, it may not be made public.

Still to be heard from officially is the Spanish government. After Franco is gone, a less defensive regime may delve into the question; but for the present we have only scattered individual statements and the quasi-official writing of Luis Bolin. Meanwhile *el caudillo* continues to avoid Guernica. In his thirty-four years in power, the closest he has come to the ill-fated town has been during two trips to Bermeo—one to inaugurate a railroad, the other to go deep-sea fishing. His presence in Guernica, it is safe to say, is not sorely missed.

ROGER M. WILLIAMS

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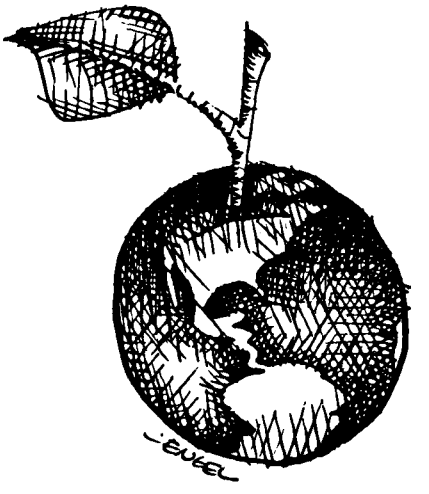

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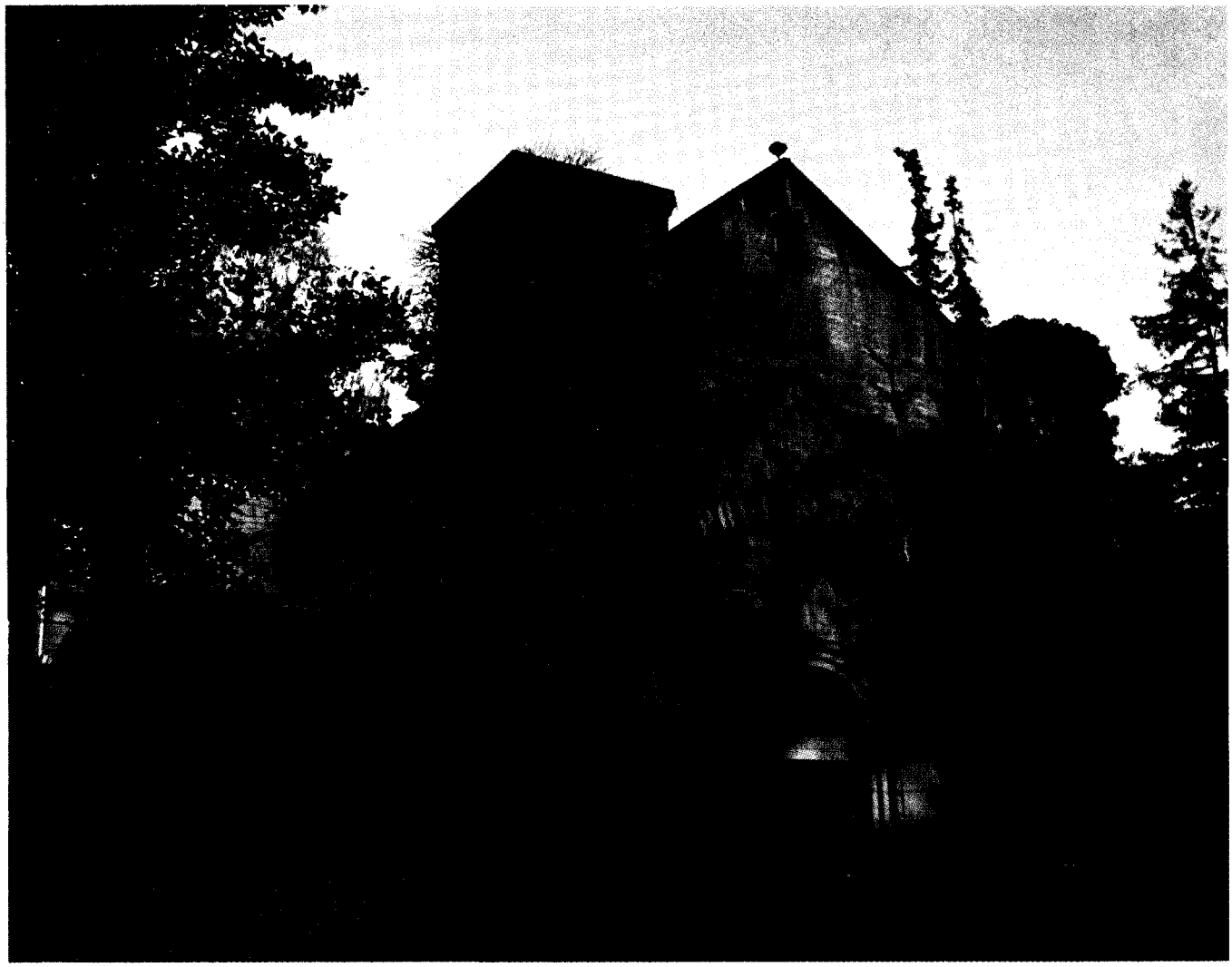

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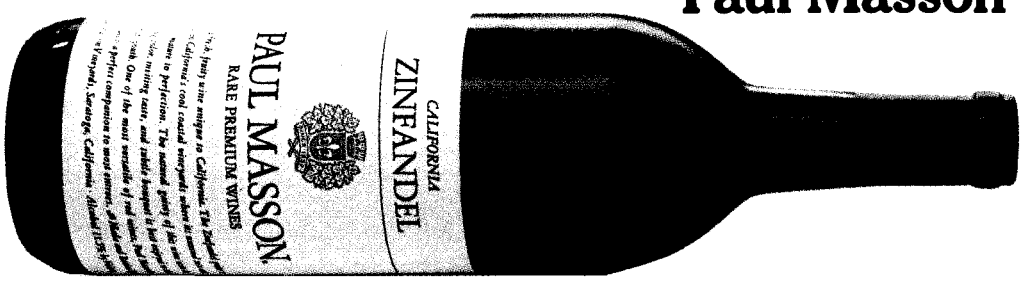

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PROFESSION: Architect/Urban Planner

HOBBIES: Animated cinematography, tennis, wine-making.

LAST BOOK READ: "Capitalism, the Unknown Ideal" by Ayn Rand

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Preliminary design for Underwater Housing Development Study for human occupancy.

QUOTE: "The urban planner in the 20th century must lead people from the world of the practical into the realm of dreams and then back again in a way that makes dreams possible."

PROFILE: An individualist. A creative thinker. Optimistic about the future of mankind, yet concerned enough to take a leadership role.

SCOTCH: Dewar's "White Label"

Authentic. There are more than a thousand ways to blend whiskies in Scotland, but few are authentic enough for Dewar's "White Label." The quality standards we set down in 1846 have never varied. Into each drop go only the finest whiskies from the Highlands, the Lowlands, the Hebrides.

Dewar's never varies.

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